

APOSTLE

Written by
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*Our tale is set in
Edwardian England, circa 1905.*

*It has been four years since the
Boxer Rebellion in China.*

Sunlight creeps in from a ventilation shaft, light bouncing around the cubicle as the train rocks along the tracks.

The vent has no effect in this dark, humid, box room.

THE MAN IN THE WHITE SUIT (late-30s) sits, beads of sweat glinting with light as he reads from a note in his hand.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

My dearest brother, I know it has been many days since our last correspondence. I pray that you have not been consumed with worry in the time that has passed since I last took my seat at our Father's table. It brings me great relief to hear that you make arrangements for my release.

An open pendant hangs from his fingers, a photograph of a young girl, JENNIFER (early 20s), her name etched into the silver locket, twirls with the movement of the train.

JENNIFER (O.S.)

However, if I am to survive this ordeal I am told that you must abide by the rules they set forth. I am to inform you that you must travel here alone with the means to purchase my freedom, that should a man of law be sent in your stead that it would seal my fate.

Opens an envelope, thumbs through a wad of money.

Nestled between the money a torn train ticket and an as yet unused boat ticket rests a single rose petal.

JENNIFER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

I fear our lord no longer hears my prayer. Yet still I pray, for your presence, for my saviour. Please, bring me home. Your beloved sister, Jennifer.

The envelope has no postal markings, no stamp. Hand delivered.

He places everything inside the breast pocket of his white suit jacket.

Grabs his straight razor from the sink next to him, folds it away, concealing it within a leather ankle strap.

Daylight floods in momentarily as he exits.

2 **INT. TRAIN - FIRST CLASS - CORRIDOR - (MOVING) - DAY** 2

The MAN IN WHITE tips his hat as he passes a WOMAN in the narrow confines of the first class carriage,

Moving along cabins of velvet seats and people of prominence he takes out a half-crown coin, slips it into the CONDUCTOR's hand.

The Conductor nods.

From the calm of the first class carriage, he returns to...

3 **INT. TRAIN - ECONOMY CLASS CARRIAGE - (MOVING) - DAY** 3

Barely an inch to spare, barely a moments silence.

Squeezes down the overcrowded gangway. Reaches his seat.

Lifts a YOUNG BOY out from it, dumps him to the floor and sits next to a BIG BURLY MAN (40s).

Disapproving looks sent his way from neighbouring passengers.

The BIG BURLY MAN, let's out a smile and a laugh.

The MAN IN WHITE notices.

MAN IN WHITE
Does something amuse you, sir?

Looks down at the BIG BURLY MAN's wrists, as he scratches at a deep red ring shaped tapestry of cuts and bruises that puck at the skin.

BIG BURLY MAN
We have something in common, you
and I.

You can almost smell the metal of handcuffs and restraints.

MAN IN WHITE
I doubt it.

Suddenly, the BIG BURLY MAN stops scratching. Looks deep into his eyes.

A nervous beat.

The BIG BURLY MAN smiles, breaks his character.

The MAN IN WHITE politely smiles back, before sinking in his seat, sliding his hat over his eyes - ready to sleep.

Spots a woman, KATHLEEN (50s), gaunt features, tired hair appears to be watching him from her seat further down the carriage.

He makes eye contact with her, she holds, doesn't break it.

Until, a passer-by, walking, drifts past, her gaze falls to the window next to her - to the rolling hills that sweep by.

The MAN IN WHITE slings his arms around his chest, safe guarding the riches contained within his breast pocket.

Eyes closing, the BIG BURLY MAN continues to scratch away at his hand.

As he drifts to sleep the sounds of the BIG BURLY MAN's fingernail scraping away at dried, dead skin grow louder.

Amplified. Magnified.

Each and every bump and scab, cracking, tearing from his flesh, new blood rising through pink raw skin.

Scratching harder, faster, relentless until... POP.

Blood sprays into his face. Wakes him from his slumber.

He turns. Eyes lock immediately to see the BIG BURLY MAN's finger grinding into a hole in the back of his hand.

A small pool of blood and muscle among the bones of his hand.

Looks up, sees the BIG BURLY MAN staring straight at him.

Not a shred of kindness in his eyes.

He lunges, hands gripping at the MAN IN WHITE's neck - choking him as his body arches back into the aisle.

Tries desperately to fend him off, hands trying to push him away, fingers clawing at his face.

The MAN IN WHITE looks for help, but all he sees is Kathleen watching with an intense, wide-eyed excitement.

He struggles for breath, veins protruding, skin turning red.

The BIG BURLY MAN chokes harder, his fingers burst through the flesh of his neck - blood pours down his face.

BIG BURLY MAN
IT WAS YOU!

CUT TO:

4 **INT. TRAIN - ECONOMY CLASS CARRIAGE - (STATIC) - DUSK** 4

The MAN IN WHITE wakes with a jolt, looks to his neighbouring seat.

Empty.

Sees the BIG BURLY MAN outside, walking along the platform.

The train is quieter, less occupied than before, the setting sun making even the darkest of shadows feel warm.

A whistle blows and the train chugs back to life.

Immediately feels his jacket, for the envelope.

Still there.

Kathleen remains in her seat, minding her own business.

He relaxes as the train journeys into the night.

5 **EXT. COUNTRYSIDE / TRAIN - (MOVING) - DUSK / NIGHT** 5

Smoke billows into the sky as the train travels, over bridges and through meadows.

Leaving behind the bustling cities in favour of remote lands.

TIMECUT

6 **EXT. TRAIN PLATFORM - NIGHT** 6

Train wheezes in the background as the MAN IN WHITE approaches a TRAIN STATION CONDUCTOR.

MAN IN WHITE
Excuse me, could you please guide
me to the docks?

TRAIN STATION CONDUCTOR
Follow the exit down to the right,
you'll find her sign posted within
a hundred paces.

MAN IN WHITE
Thank you. And if you don't mind,
how long will it take to reach...

Shows him the ticket, the Train Station Conductor's
expression changes upon seeing the name of his destination.

TRAIN STATION CONDUCTOR
(abrupt)
You'll be there by morn'.

Picks up on the sudden shift in attitude.

TRAIN STATION CONDUCTOR (CONT'D)
Now kindly be gone with ye.
(shouts)
ALL ABOARD!

The Train Station Conductor blows his whistle loud.

As the engine roars and the MAN IN WHITE walks away, in the
distance Kathleen steps off the train.

7

EXT. DOCKS - NIGHT

7

The weather starts to turn, wind blows hard, rattling at the
sails of a transport boat.

The MAN IN WHITE approaches the docks to see an old, boat
captain, FRANK (50s) joined by his son and shipmate, JEREMY
(early 20s) a young boy of boundless energy, but limited
learning, helping a number of people with their luggage onto
his vessel.

Cautiously joins a mix of men, women and children.

FRANK
Clothing and heirlooms only. We're
overloaded as it is.

The MAN IN WHITE eyes a LONELY PASSENGER, one of a few who
stands alone.

No family, no fellow passenger to call a friend as he empties
heirlooms and crockery from his cases.

The MAN IN WHITE glides over.

MAN IN WHITE
Let me help you, brother.

LONELY PASSENGER
Much thanks, sir.

Seizes the opportunity, switches his invitation ticket as he lifts some of the Lonely Passenger's belongings and carries them to a storage crate.

As he does, he reads the name on the invitation.

His new identity, from here on in - the MAN IN WHITE is known by his new monicker: THOMAS RICHARDSON.

Thomas approaches the boat.

FRANK
Invitation?

Hands him his ticket, Frank takes it - reads the info.

Extends a helping hand and a friendly smile.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Come aboard, Brother.

Lifts Thomas onto the deck. Takes his suitcase from him.

Tosses it to the growing pile of suitcases.

Thomas looks around at his fellow travellers sitting, crossed legged - gripping tightly to a series of rope loops that rise from the deck and a perimeter wall of wooden crates containing livestock (sheep, goats, cows etc.)

Jeremy stumbles, dropping suitcases as he falls.

A medical book slides from under his jumper, bouncing at Thomas' feet.

He picks it up, Jeremy looks on mortified.

A note on the inside sleeve reads: *Dearest Andrea, I hope this text finds you well...*

Jeremy reaches for it.

JEREMY
I-I-I...

Thomas spots a look of fear in Jeremy's eyes, but more importantly Frank further about to meet the Lonely Passenger.

Thomas, returns the book to Jeremy.

Watches as the Lonely Passenger hands Frank his invitation.

Sees Frank examine it, focused on the name "Jacobs, Henry".

Just about hears Frank say...

FRANK

Come aboard, brother.

Oblivious, the Lonely Passenger boards under the guise of someone else.

Thomas watches as Frank marks the man's suitcase with an "X".

Tossing it to the pile, Frank turns, announces.

FRANK (CONT'D)

(smiling, unsympathetic)

Pick a rope. And hold on tight.

(looks out at sea)

She's not going to be friendly to us this eve.

Thomas takes a seat, grips the rope handle tight.

The Lonely Passenger takes a seat next to him.

Frank and Jeremy spread out a large tarpaulin sheet surrounding both passengers and livestock beneath a cover of darkness.

A female passenger, ELAINE (40s) sat opposite, looks to Thomas excitedly.

ELAINE

To be reborn unto thee, is to witness true grace, to follow his path is to tread upon pure, holy earth as a blessed disciple of his divinity.

THOMAS

(smiling wryly)

Quite.

Thomas looks down the boat, sees a SUSPICIOUS PASSENGER - seemingly disengaged from those around him.

Almost like Thomas, he equally doesn't belong.

Frank unties the vessel from the dock, stops to check his pocket watch.

FRANK
(to JEREMY)
Jeremy, raise the anchor. We leave.

JEREMY
What about Miss Kathleen?

FRANK
This storm won't wait for her.
Raise the anchor.

Jeremy rushes to lift the anchor.

As they slide away from the dock, Frank casts a look up to the top of a nearby hill.

To the silhouette of Kathleen, standing at a distance.

Turns away from the docks and disappears back over the hill.

Frank tosses the rope to the deck with a heavy thud.

CUT TO:

8 **EXT. SEA - NIGHT**

8

Waves crash against the boat as it carves through the sea.

9 **INT. BOAT - NIGHT**

9

Frank keeps his ship sturdy, navigating the stormy weather.

Beneath the tarpaulin Thomas and the passengers sit.

Each in a state of spiritual calm, while Thomas grips to the rope white knuckled as water pours in and around them.

A cacophony of animals bleat, cackle and bellow in fear.

A passenger, succumbs to boat sickness, turns to throw up away from the crowds. It pours down the deck all the same.

Thomas lifts his feet as it passes by.

Elaine looks to engage Thomas again.

ELAINE
Brother...?

Looks across to the Lonely Passenger sat right there next to him.

Can't risk it.

THOMAS

Sister.

ELAINE

Forgive me, it's just... I don't recall having seen you at any of Prophet Malcolm's speeches.

THOMAS

Fret not. I too am unable to lay claim to having seen you prior to this juncture. Some *happenstance*?

ELAINE

Quite. Only...

THOMAS

(cutting her off, smiling)
Only we meet now.

ELAINE

We do.

CRACK!

A crate splits open sending a lamb sliding down the deck.

Thomas catches it by the scruff of its neck, hoists it up onto his lap.

The other passengers look to Thomas, unsure of him.

The Lonely Passenger (the real THOMAS RICHARDSON) gently takes the lamb, tosses it down the hull of the boat where it falls into the ocean.

LONELY PASSENGER

It was as intended. Only she decides whether to give or take. We do not intervene.

Thomas watches as the lamb is consumed by the rolling waves.

10

EXT. ISLAND - JETTY - DAWN

10

As cracks of blue emerge in the night sky a group of TOWNSPEOPLE pull the boat to the jetty, by rope.

Damage to its hull so severe it can't make it alone.

FRANK
 (to TOWNSMAN)
 WE GOT HIT BACK OVER IN THE
 SHALLOWS, SHE TOOK A LOT OF DAMAGE.

TOWNSMAN
 YOU'RE CARRYING TOO MUCH CARGO.

FRANK
 TELL MALCOLM THAT!

The boat rocks, anchored to a jetty that twists and turns with the crashing of the waves. The passengers (including Thomas) step off onto the rocky climb that awaits them baggage in hand.

FRANK (CONT'D)
 Head north up over this hill, our
 brothers and sisters await your
 arrival.

Frank leaves out an arm in front of the Lonely Passenger.

FRANK (CONT'D)
 If you wouldn't mind staying here a
 moment, sir. I require an extra
 pair of arms, to help unload this
 cargo.

PASSENGER
 Of course.

Thomas hears everything, dares not look back.

11

EXT. ISLAND - MOUNTAINSIDE - DAWN

11

As they hike up the mountain, Thomas stops, looks across to a small enclave in the cliff face.

Silhouetted by the warm glow of a lantern, he sees a young woman, ANDREA (early 20s) holding a rabbit carcass against the ground.

She plunges a knife deep into its throat - tears it open down to it's belly, digs her fingers inside.

Stops. Sensing Thomas' watchful gaze.

Extinguishing the lantern we get only a glimpse of her face before she falls into darkness.

Waves crash in behind her, a single bead of water hangs from her tussled hair.

Thomas holds, searching into the darkness before moving on to catch up with the travellers.

TIMECUT

Further up the hill, nearing the precipice.

Thomas looks over his shoulder - sees the Lonely Passenger surrounded by Frank and the TOWNSMEN back at the jetty.

He appears animated as they close in on him, but whatever sounds he makes is drowned out by the cries of the ocean.

Thomas, a clash of conscience - sympathy vs. survival.

Further along, Jeremy traverses the cliff face to reach Andrea - book clutched tightly in his hands.

Thomas walks on reaching the top, he looks down upon it in all it's natural majesty.

Rolling hills and streams collide as wood land provides a perimeter wall that surrounds the village.

Buildings constructed from wood; a silo, a barn, a tavern, an inn and houses - enough to ensure that each member has a roof above them and most importantly, a place of worship.

Undeniably impressive, Thomas prepares himself.

No turning back.

12

EXT. VILLAGE - EARLY MORNING

12

The villagers line up alongside a line of houses.

For some, this new arrival marks a reunion of family members, making for an emotional, tearful welcome.

Thomas watches as smiling faces wave from their houses built with the wood of the boats they travelled on.

Each given a name that was once ascribed to each vessel.

Jeremy rushes from behind making a bee-line for Thomas.

JEREMY

I would wish to thank you, Mr.
Richardson. For keeping candid
about my...

Searches for the word but it doesn't come.

THOMAS
I didn't see anything, boy.

Jeremy smiles.

JEREMY
Still, I thank you.
(beat)
It's awful nice to have new people
here.

THOMAS
I take it you do not get much in
the way of visitors?

JEREMY
Only new members such as yourself.
And sometimes...

Thomas' ears prick up.

THOMAS
Sometimes?

Distracted.

Jeremy looks to a young girl, FFION (early 20s) - she does
her best to hide her smile, Jeremy does his best to hide the
fact that she is the love of his life.

JEREMY
Nothing, Mr. Richardson.

Thomas notices the shared look between them, notices Ffion's
gaze shift the moment her father, QUINN (50s) steps out from
their home.

TOWNSMAN #1 (O.S.)
All new citizens please line up.

Thomas joins the line of travellers leading towards a single
table, single seat and a typewriter manned by the TOWNSMAN.

Alongside him, a DOCTOR conducts a basic medical examination.

TOWNSMAN #1 (CONT'D)
Name?

CHARLOTTE
Charlotte Williams.

The TOWNSMAN types each answer down.

TOWNSMAN #1
Age?

CHARLOTTE
Forty-five.

TOWNSMAN #1
Skill or trade?

CHARLOTTE
Seamstress.

TOWNSMAN #1
Criminal record?

CHARLOTTE
Vagrancy.

TOWNSMAN #1
Worry not, you'll never want for
anything here.

CHARLOTTE smiles.

TOWNSMAN #1 (CONT'D)
Please make your pledge.

Thomas pays close attention.

CHARLOTTE
From this day forward, I, Charlotte
Williams give myself - my head, my
heart, my flesh and my blood to
Prophet Malcolm, the Father of this
Island. May he bestow upon us, his
followers - a life of purity and
peace.

TOWNSMAN #1
Take your receptacle.

A table next to the TOWNSMAN is home to a number of glass
jars. Charlotte takes one, is greeted by the INN KEEPER (60s,
widower) she carries a warm smile and a hoop ring of room
keys for those staying in her establishment.

INN KEEPER
Welcome to Erisden, Charlotte.

Thomas reaches the DOCTOR, continues to listen to the pledges
as his eyelids are lifted, glands are checked and his hair
rifled through for lice.

TRAVELLER #1
 ...my head, my heart, my flesh and
 my blood to Prophet Malcolm, the
 Father of this Island.

Medical check over, he moves onto the TOWNSMAN.

TOWNSMAN #1
 Name?

THOMAS
 Thomas Richardson.

Thomas casts a look back to see Quinn walking slowly along
 the houses. A keen observer of this initiation.

TOWNSMAN #1
 Age?

THOMAS
 Thirty-eight.

TOWNSMAN #1
 Skill or trade?

THOMAS
 Carpenter.

TOWNSMAN #1
 Criminal record?

THOMAS
 (smiles)
 Never been caught.

TOWNSMAN #1
 Pledge yourself to him.

THOMAS
 From this day forward, I, Thomas
 Richardson give myself - my head,
 my heart, my flesh and my blood to
 Prophet Malcolm, the Father of this
 Island...

Quinn watches from afar, as Thomas completes his pledge,
 collects his jar and walks on towards the Inn.

Thomas steps in, closes the door behind him.

Alone at last.

Surveys the room. Pops open the bedside drawer.

Inside it Malcolm's Manifesto - a thick leather bound book.

Moves to the window, pendant in hand.

Clicks it shut.

Grabs at a pencil and starts to draw on a piece of paper the layout of the village - every building, every house - labels them accordingly as he recalls the names of each.

THOMAS

Where are they hiding you?

Looks out of the window, sees Quinn staring back up at him.

Thomas writes the name of Quinn's house, "FENRIR" on the paper, followed by a big "?".

14 **EXT. VILLAGE - DAY**

14

Quinn looks up as Thomas steps away from the window.

He turns and walks through the mud to a tavern.

15 **INT. INN - THOMAS' ROOM - DAY**

15

Water crashes down Thomas' body as he bathes, pouring jugs of bath water down his severely scarred back.

A deep burn runs across his shoulders and down his spine.

A crucifix, that has been branded into his flesh.

Suddenly, Thomas hears the sound of his bedroom door.

Listens closely, spies a look in a mirror, nothing untoward appears in its reflection.

THOMAS

Who's there?

No answer.

He slips on a linen undergarment and moves for the bedroom, as he does the door quickly closes.

Thomas calms as he spots a pile of fresh towels on the bed.

Suddenly, the Inn Keeper knocks at the door.

INN KEEPER (O.S.)
Mr. Richardson.

THOMAS
Yes?

INN KEEPER (O.S.)
I would just like to inform you
that there will be a sermon
commencing soon at the parish.
Everyone is required to attend.

THOMAS
Everyone?

INN KEEPER
Of course.

Thomas looks to the pendant resting on the desk.

THOMAS
Very well.

As she starts to walk away.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
Thank you for the towels.

INN KEEPER
Oh... Uh...

The Inn Keeper falls silent, embarrassed, her feet suddenly
move quickly down the hall.

Thomas smiles.

16

EXT. VILLAGE - DAY

16

As Thomas walks up the hill, Malcolm's voice travels, mid-
sermon delivering his message to his congregation.

Andrea runs in a hurry from behind, straightening her dress
as she charges towards the church.

ANDREA
How long ago did he begin?

THOMAS
I've no idea.

ANDREA
At least I'm not the last to
arrive. He hates that.

As she moves to run.

THOMAS

There's blood. On your cheek.

Andrea stops looks down her face to the fleck of blood.

She takes Thomas' handkerchief from his jacket pocket.

Wets it with her tongue before cleaning her face.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

You're welcome.

ANDREA

(smiling)

Don't tell.

Returns his handkerchief then runs for the church, slowing as she reaches the entrance to quietly slip inside.

MALCOLM

Idolators. Blasphemers. Betrayers of the Lord. Those are the words they used. Those are the venomous, pious, barbed claims that drove us here - to lay claim to this peaceful land, that we can now call home.

Thomas steps into the church, takes an aisle seat at the back.

17

INT. CHURCH - DAY

17

MALCOLM (late-50s), the man behind it all, Father of Andrea, leader of the village continues his sermon.

MALCOLM

I tell you my brothers and sisters
I could not stand back any longer
and allow those men in robes and
those fools in parliament to
dictate their terms in the
persecution of our beliefs. We
could no longer survive on those so
called "*Great*" *British Isles*.

Malcolm stops, lays eyes on Thomas for the first time.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

And so I ask, if this is not the
utopia so long sought, where will
it be found? Where is the land
which has no call for wars, arms,
money, physic, politics, nor taxes?
That land is here.

Thomas scans the room, Jennifer remains nowhere to be seen.

Amidst a sea of faces keenly observing the sermon he sees
Andrea, as she looks over her shoulder to him.

She's not alone in her observation, Frank and Quinn cast a
glance over at this bench of *NEW RECRUITS*.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

No taxgatherer's bill shall ever
threaten our church door - the game-
laws reach not the gannets. Heed
not the storms which shake the
foundations of Europe - we who need
not acknowledge the dominion of
M'Lord, care not who sways the
British sceptre. I tell thee, we
are free men. He who dwells on this
rich land is truly free.

Distracted, Thomas watches as an ELDERLY WOMAN walks outside
the church windows her long, grey hair hiding her face.

Malcolm spots Thomas - the one face of his congregation not
focused on his words, sees what he sees. Stunned. Hesitates.

As if they are the only two people to see Her.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

And so, I welcome you all here
today my fellow believers.
Regardless of your time in my keep,
of your familiarity to these green
pastures of Erisden. It matters not
your prominence, nor your
nobility. For we are all united as
one. We are all, as subjects,
equal.

The congregation applaud.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

Tonight as we welcome you the
newest members of our community, I
ask that you all give thanks for
the land we are given.

Thomas looks to Malcolm. Eyes meet. Malcolm smiles.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)
Let us pray.

18

EXT. CHURCH - EARLY EVENING

18

As the sun slowly begins to set, crowds leave the church.

The Inn Keeper joins a group of women at a communal washing line, filling baskets with bed sheets and clothing.

Children play, rushing for a long skipping rope.

As Thomas exits, he spots the ELDERLY WOMAN watching him, her face half concealed by the back of the church wall.

No one else acknowledging her presence, he becomes fixated.

Moss grows where the church wall and her fingers meet.

Her mouth opens, pained and wide, as if silently screaming.

As Thomas ventures near, Andrea appears, blocking his view.

ANDREA
Sir, I beg your pardon, I failed to
not only introduce myself but to
also show my appreciation for your
gesture of kindness.

Thomas looks past her, but the ELDERLY WOMAN has gone.

THOMAS
You need not apologise I
acknowledge you were in quite the
rush... Andrea.

Thomas reaches for the Inn Keeper's basket.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
(to the INN KEEPER)
Allow me.

INN KEEPER
(to ANDREA)
Gentleman he is.

ANDREA
So it seems.

They continue to walk together to the Inn.

Back at the Church, Malcolm and Quinn watch them walk together.

QUINN
(gestures at Thomas)
You want I should do something
about that?

MALCOLM
Not yet. He sees Her.

HER - it lands hard with Quinn.

Malcolm looks back to where the ELDERLY WOMAN stood.

The moss turns black, rapidly decays. Falls from the wall.

Frank rushes to them.

FRANK
Malcolm...

Malcolm and Quinn start to walk from the church, Frank follows.

MALCOLM
Not now, Frank.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)
She took serious damage on that
last crossing, I need that timber.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)
We need what wood we have, we've
houses to build.

FRANK
Yes, but...

MALCOLM
No buts, they're family.

FRANK
We don't have anywhere near enough
supplies. How do you expect to keep
this village fed?

QUINN
If you'd brought enough livestock
we'd have plenty.

FRANK
If I'd been given enough money I
could have...

MALCOLM

What of the crops? You had ample supply, enough to barter.

FRANK

They barely last the journey there before they rot. They're not pure as they used to be. I can't sell them no more. Malcolm, we need money. We can't get by anymore without it.

MALCOLM

(hushed, angry)

Don't you think I know that.

FRANK

We have him.

MALCOLM

Where?

19

EXT. VILLAGE - EARLY EVENING

19

Thomas continues to carry the basket as he walks with Andrea.

The Inn Keeper continues walking on ahead.

ANDREA

And how may I ask did you come to know of my name?

THOMAS

Your book.

Andrea's smile fades. Replaced with fear.

ANDREA

I'm afraid I know not of which you speak.

THOMAS

Dearest Andrea, I do hope this text finds you well.

ANDREA

Mr. Richardson, as a member of this community, you must know that all printed materials outside of his teachings are strictly forbidden. As thus I see nothing but provocation in...

Thomas looks deep into her eyes.

THOMAS
We... *educated few*.

Andrea doesn't know how to respond. Uncertain if she can trust him.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
Worry not, I won't breathe a word of it to anyone.

Thomas takes out the pendant.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
Andrea, if I may ask you do the same for me...

Shows it to her.

ANDREA
She's pretty.

THOMAS
My sister, Jennifer. I am to reunite with her, here on this Island but until now...

ANDREA
I'm sorry, I've never seen this girl before.

THOMAS
I believe she came here.

ANDREA
Mr. Richardson, we are a thriving community. Sometimes people come here, sometimes they go. Sometimes we never know they were even here.

MALCOLM (O.S.)
Andrea!

Both turn to see Malcolm as he approaches from a distance.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)
You've chores to complete.

ANDREA
Yes, Father.

Thomas looks surprised, Andrea smiles.

THOMAS

Father?

ANDREA

Seems there are some things that even you don't know, good sir. I must go. Know that should I hear of, or see her, I will endeavour to let you know.

THOMAS

Thank you my lady.

ANDREA

I fare thee well, Mr. Richardson.

Andrea steps away from him.

THOMAS

I prefer, Thomas.

She thinks a moment. Smiles.

ANDREA

As do I.

At the entrance to the INN, Thomas hands the Inn Keeper the basket of laundry.

INN KEEPER

I thank you kindly. Will ye be wanting dinner tonight, Mr. Richardson?

Thomas watches Quinn and Malcolm walking towards the TAVERN.

THOMAS

Mrs. Dolan, my hunger is more than abated this evening. My thirst however, I grow eager to quench.

20

INT. TAVERN, BEER CELLAR - DAY

20

Frank lifts a burlap sack to reveal a bloodied, beaten Lonely Passenger.

Malcolm casts a disappointed look at Frank.

MALCOLM

What is this?

FRANK

He wont tell us where the money is.

PASSENGER

(Bleeding)

Please, you have the wrong person,
I swear it.

FRANK

He lies. I saw it on the very
invitation he handed me. It was
Kathleen's mark. She chose him.

QUINN

(to FRANK)

Where is she? My Kathleen?

MALCOLM

Now Quinn...

QUINN

She found him, she led him here.
She did her bit, she should be home
with me.

FRANK

She stayed behind. Chose so
herself.

QUINN

She has barely enough on her person
to last her another night.

MALCOLM

And she'll survive through however
many more it takes. You know her
resilience Quinn.

QUINN

Aye, so it seems do ye.

Malcolm chooses to ignore the statement, kicks open the
Lonely Passenger's suitcase.

General laborers clothing spills out, nothing tailored.

MALCOLM

Doesn't look much like a man of
wealth to me.

Malcolm looks him in the eye. Sees only confusion and fear.

Walks over to him.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

My brother, I have promised you a life of riches without the necessity of fortune. On a land of prosperity without the icy sting of suffering, greed and injustice. Yet here you are - and there you suffer. This indeed has been a marvel of ineptitude for which I can only apologise.

PASSENGER

Father Malcolm. I hold no grudge to thee.

MALCOLM

Oh, but you may.

Malcolm slashes at his throat with a knife.

The Lonely Passenger bleeds out, choking on his own blood in shock.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

I'm sorry brother, but I can't take that risk.

Malcolm walks back, towards Frank wiping his knife clean.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

(to FRANK, QUINN &
TOWNSMEN)

We have an intruder on our land. He is out there somewhere. And he knows to stay hidden. We must find him.

(pointing at the DEAD
PASSENGER, to FRANK)

That was your fault. Get rid of it.

Walks out from the beer cellar, towards the TAVERN itself.

21

INT. TAVERN - NIGHT

21

Malcolm steps into the tavern, game face on - a public display of smiles and nods at the men of his community.

Thomas spots him enter, approaches as Malcolm reaches the bar.

MALCOLM

(to BARTENDER)

Pour me an ale.

THOMAS
Allow me, Father.

MALCOLM
How kind. Please, call me Malcolm.

THOMAS
Pleasure.
(to BARTENDER)
Barkeep, two beers if you may.

Thomas reaches into his pocket, Malcolm interjects.

MALCOLM
My friend, your currency is no use
here.

The BARTENDER brings back a beer, Thomas nods appreciatively.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)
As long as one has something to
offer the village, one is free to
reap the rewards of all she has to
offer.

Thomas smiles as he raises his glass to Malcolm.

THOMAS
Our very own Eden.

Malcolm almost visibly chokes on his drink. Swallows hard.

MALCOLM
Eden? Mere fairy-tales my boy.

THOMAS
Of course.

MALCOLM
There's nothing more obscene and
ridiculous as the belief of an
intangible being. Promises from the
sky... No, I prefer the feel of the
earth, the heat of the fire, the
strength of the stone.

(beat)
My love? It is real. I am skin,
flesh, blood. I am mortal. I do not
ask for my people to give prayer to
a creation of thought and theology.
I understand this land, I can hear
her call, can feel her earth in
these, my own hands.

(MORE)

MALCOLM (CONT'D)
 She answers me. She guides me
 towards enlightenment.

Momentarily lost in a beautiful memory, smiles.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)
 All I ever ask is that we all
 respect this community and the laws
 upon which it is built. Play your
 part sir and you shall have no
 cause for concern.

THOMAS
 And nor shall you.

MALCOLM
 (smiles wryly)
 Wonderful.

22

EXT. CLIFFTOP - EVENING

22

Calm seas gently lap at the shore as an old, weather beaten
 rowboat rests anchored / punctured atop the rocky coastline.

Laying inside, Jeremy and Ffion kiss - long lost lovers
 reunited.

JEREMY
 Did you miss me?

FFION
 (smiling)
 You were only away for two sunsets.

JEREMY
 Aye, and two sunrises.

She smiles more.

JEREMY (CONT'D)
 One day, I promise we won't have to
 hide like this. We'll have our own
 house, with our own name. Just like
 our father's have - we- we can take
 this boat and use the wood.

FFION
 (laughing)
 You're going to build me a house
 using this now are ye? I must say,
 I was dreaming of something just a
 little bigger, my love.

Jeremy's smile starts to fade, embarrassed.

JEREMY
(berating himself)
Nah, you're right. It's a stupid
idea - stupid.

FFION
No, don't. It's beautiful. Look, we
have enough to make our front door.
Enough to carve the name of our
home onto it, we can hang it from
the rafters so everyone knows us
can see, they'll know it's ours.

Jeremy smiles at the thought.

Ffion cradled in his arms, plays with the buttons of his
jacket as they look up at the night sky.

Something's clearly on her mind.

FFION (CONT'D)
Jeremy, my mother, she talks of
leaving.

JEREMY
Where?

FFION
Back over the water. Wants me to go
with her.

JEREMY
No. She can't. They'll...

FFION
Believe me I don't want to.

JEREMY
Then I won't let her. No one can
stop me from taking care of you.

Ffion smiles, touched by the sentiment.

FFION
I love you Jeremy.

She reaches over slowly, starts to undo his jacket buttons -
one by one as she kisses him.

Jeremy shifts uncomfortably, as she slides her hand inside
his jacket, moving down his stomach.

JEREMY

Ffion, I...

FFION

Ssshh, it's okay.

Delicately climbs, straddling him as he lays on the rowboat, casts her skirt out, flowing over his legs.

Reaches her hand inside his trousers.

JEREMY

I'm scared.

She takes his trembling hand, places it against her breast.

FFION

I'm right here, I'm with you
Jeremy.

Ffion slowly eases onto him. Jeremy gasps.

As they make love...

MALCOLM (O.S.)

Blessed be our saviour, who in
return blesses our land.

23 **EXT. MALCOLM'S HOUSE**

23

Establishing.

Lanterns fill the window panes with glowing light.

The name of his vessel, now the name of his house: "ODIN"

24 **INT. MALCOLM'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

24

Malcolm and Andrea kneel at the foot of her bed, in prayer.

MALCOLM

Upon bended knee, I call upon thee,
my dear Samantha. My light in every
shadow. My love eternal. Hear my
prayer. Every waking hour since the
day you were taken from us, we
prevail - to honour your name...

Andrea looks visibly uncomfortable by this.

Malcolm, grips tight at her hands, keeping her in prayer.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)
 I ask for your forgiveness, on
 behalf of our child. I pray that
 she reflects the passion, the
 strength and the good that was
 borne between us.

Andrea squirms as Malcolm's grip leaves a mark on her hands.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)
 This I pray. Amen.

ANDREA
 Amen.

Malcolm lets go. Moves away from her towards the door.

ANDREA (CONT'D)
 Father, I'm sorry...

MALCOLM
 (kindly)
 It was God's will, Andrea. Now to
 bed with you.

He closes the door as he leaves.

25

EXT. INN - NIGHT

25

Thomas stands outside the Inn, hiding in the shadows.

Cups his cigarette for each drag, palm blocking the orange
 glow as he remains in the darkness.

Tavern doors close, the last of the drinkers go home.

Thomas can finally drop his mask.

Here to do what he came to do. Here to find who he came to
 save.

Walks along the backs of houses, peering into windows.

Stops at one - as he sees...

Elaine, her arm gripped tight by her HUSBAND jar placed on
 the ground below - takes a blade, drags it across her skin.

Blood pours into the jar, Elaine smiles, tears of joy forming
 in her eyes as it slowly fills.

Thomas looks on in horror, unable to comprehend.

A third of the jar filled, the husband ties a tourniquet around her arm - stopping the flow of blood.

Kisses her forehead, she smiles. They both turn; gesture at their young daughter to join them.

She reluctantly walks towards them, Elaine smiles a reassuring smile as the husband gently takes their daughter's arm and lifts his bloodied blade.

Thomas can't watch. Can't intervene with something he is not there to fix.

He moves along the row of the houses until he reaches...

26

EXT. MALCOLM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

26

Andrea laying, fast asleep in bed.

He watches as light beneath her door is punctuated by Malcolm's footsteps passing outside.

Drawn to it, Thomas continues along to the next window.

Through a half open door Thomas looks into the living space as Malcolm puts on a jacket and lights a lantern.

But, instead of going out through the front door - Malcolm grabs at a rug on the floor and lifts open a trap door.

He stops, checks, listens out for any sounds then continues to step into the open space below.

Thomas drops low, looking beneath the raised house to see a concrete, brick surrounding.

In the cracks and the joins, we see the glow of Malcolm's lantern as it lowers down underground disappearing into the darker depths of a tunnel.

Thomas follows, walks along a row of houses - dropping low to see where the tunnel ends, where Malcolm will rise.

Beneath the houses however, there is nothing but flat earth.

Wherever Malcolm is travelling, it won't be seen from above.

Suddenly, out of nowhere, Ffion comes around the corner.

Startled, both stand - both caught in the act to some degree.

Ffion's bedroom window stands between them - it hangs open.

Beneath is a wooden crate. A step.

Ffion is about to speak, Thomas cuts her off.

THOMAS
(whispers)
"Don't tell". I know.

She smiles, then steps onto the crate, slipping quietly in through the window back to her bed.

The window closes, leaving Thomas to look out at the village frustrated - to a frozen Jeremy who stands there nervously.

27

INT. INN - STARWELL / CORRIDOR - NIGHT

27

As the Inn Keeper snores, head resting upon the reception counter, Thomas quietly enters.

Treads up the staircase, careful not to make a sound.

A grandfather clock at the top of the stairs ticks as Thomas walks down the corridor towards his room, key in hand.

Jars of blood rest outside the doors of his neighbours.

An empty jug rests outside his.

Grabs some of the full jars, pours little by little into his.

On the surface at least, he has played his part.

As Thomas reaches for his room key, SHE emerges from the shadows - stood there at the end of the corridor.

The ELDERLY WOMAN.

Illuminated just enough to know she is unclothed. Just enough to see the fragile frame of her body as she slowly stretches out her arms reaching for him as Thomas puts the key in the lock.

Suddenly; Thomas gasps - pain shoots through his hand, forcing him to let go.

He looks at his finger tip, pricked skin - a drop of blood rising to the surface.

Thomas crouches low, closes in on the key hanging from the door - examines it carefully.

Sees a rose thorn, sprouting out from the grip - rooted deep, as if it always belonged.

Snaps it off. Opens the lock and steps inside. Door closes.

The ELDERLY WOMAN is no longer stood there in the distance, all is quiet but for the *tick-tock* of the Grandfather clock.

And a drop of Thomas' blood that trembles on the wooden floor. Slowly, it starts to move, edging itself towards a gap in the floorboards.

Much to the excitement of the ELDERLY WOMAN who appears, her cracked lips and teeth savoring every single drop.

28

INT. INN - THOMAS' ROOM

28

Thomas stretches out his map of the village.

Sketches the separation of rooms in Malcolm's home, adds the trapdoor position and tunnel.

Looks across the page past the Inn to the Church.

Considers it a moment.

THOMAS

Where are you going?

Sees a the perimeter line of trees on his map.

Looks out of his window, sees the moonlight catch at the tips of the trees.

What lays beyond will have to wait til dawn.

29

EXT. VILLAGE - NIGHT

29

A lantern hangs from the awning of an old wooden barn.

Surrounded by a perimeter of trees. Unkempt grass waves in the night wind.

Suddenly, rising from the earth - a concealed door pops open.

Malcolm climbs out from below.

Carefully looks to the village in the distance as it sleeps.

Suddenly, a throaty, guttural FEMALE VOICE cries out in pain.

Malcolm looks back to the barn.

This, HIS secret as he walks inside.

CUT TO:

A WALL OF FIRE BLASTS THE SCREEN. WAILING SCREAMS RING OUT.

30

EXT. MARSH FIELD - PEKING, CHINA - NIGHT

30

From above, Thomas dressed in robes lays unconscious.

His face half covered in mud, half painted in blood.

Silhouettes of men, women, children are grabbed, dragged across the ground.

Blood sprays against reeds of grass around Thomas as he remains unconscious. As we move closer to him.

A crucifix. Five metres high. Burns from beneath.

Embers rising into the night sky.

Screams ring out. Loud.

Loud enough to make Thomas' bloodstained eyes pop open with fear and...

31

INT. INN - THOMAS' ROOM

31

...wake him from this nightmare.

To the sound of knocking at the door.

He looks over his shoulder, to where the scar line begins.

Aggressively throws his boots on. Heavily paces towards the door.

THOMAS

Who is it?

JEREMY (O.S.)

Uh, it... it's me, sir.

Opens the door for Jeremy to enter, places a now emptied jar on Thomas' bedside table, traces of blood gather at the base.

Reaches for his white suit jacket, which is starting to look more off-white with each coming day.

Jeremy notices the scuff marks on Thomas' suit.

Thomas notices Jeremy noticing this.

THOMAS
(abrupt, defensive)
What do you want?

JEREMY
It's time for work.

32

INT. QUINN'S LIVESTOCK HUT - DAY

32

Quinn and Malcolm work to hold down a distressed sheep as it bleats and rampages, struggling through a difficult labor.

QUINN
Hold her down will ye, for fuck's sake.

Malcolm, secures her head as Quinn binds her feet together.

QUINN (CONT'D)
She'll crush the damn thing wi' her hooves if we don't.

The sheep thrashes around, bouncing against the ground.

Quinn inserts his hands to aid the birth. Feels around.

Then. Stone faced.

QUINN (CONT'D)
Ah Jesus, it's turned.

Reaches deeper, doing all he can to save the offspring.

The mother, starts to convulse - body spasming, tongue hanging from it's mouth.

MALCOLM
Pull!

Quinn starts to pull, spasms grow in ferocity and frequency, whatever he is pulling, kicks from inside the womb.

The shape of its legs push hard against the stomach lining.

Internal damage so severe, the mother bleeds profusely from its mouth.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)
We've lost her!

QUINN

We can still save this one...

As he pulls with all his might. Quinn delivers the baby as it tears it's way out covered in blood.

Quinn moves back with a bolt. The lamb, is born, only partially covered in flesh and wool.

Large sections where skin should be are just gaping holes, craters of flesh from which its entrails slide out.

MALCOLM

An abomination.

Quinn tosses the dying lamb into a bucket of bloodied water.

QUINN

We can't go on like this Malcolm,
we need that money.

Malcolm watches as the lamb splashes blood, twitching its last in the bucket.

33

EXT. BLACKSMITHS - DAY

33

Thomas runs a strap tight around a pile of recently cut and planed wood.

Lifts the heavy load up onto the back of a horse and cart.

HORSE CART LOADER

Five more an' she'll do.

The men of the land work together like a colony of ants.

The carcass of a boat, half torn apart is stripped piece by piece for wood while iron mongers forge tools.

Jeremy nervously approaches Thomas, as he runs a plane over some timber.

JEREMY

Sir, I believe... What I mean to
say is, it's...

THOMAS

What is it?

JEREMY

Sir, last night... I'd like to know
why - what were you...

THOMAS
 (impatient)
 Why was I outside?

Jeremy nods sheepishly.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
 I was having a cigarette. Why were you?
 (beat)
 Aside from fucking her.

Jeremy is ill prepared for this.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
 You waste my time with such questions, such distrust. I was of mind that I could put faith in you. Evidently not.

JEREMY
 (flustered)
 I'm sorry, I beg your forgiveness sir. I mean not, no insult - nor quarry, I-- I- I have limited thought and-- I'm sorry.

Thomas calms, sympathy replacing anger. Whatever this was, he certainly hasn't won.

THOMAS
 No. I apologize, Jeremy.
 (beat)
 It seems in my slumber, which was anything but peaceful, I have awoken ill tempered.
 (beat)
 Please, forgive my lack of grace.

JEREMY
 I will gladly forgive you sir...
 (beat, smiles)
 So long as you'll be so kind as to help me?

THOMAS
 With what?

Waves crash around Thomas and Jeremy as they try to lift the row boat up and off the rocky surface.

THOMAS

How in God's name did you get the boat here in the first place?

JEREMY

Not us. A man. Once a member of our family, he tried to sail away - Malcolm - he says the man wanted to bring death here, says he was a spy. But this boat, is all that remains. The sea took him. She protected us.

THOMAS

(wryly)

Seems no one wants to stay here.

JEREMY

(humour bypass)

I do, sir.

Thomas chooses to leave it. Both dig deep and starts to lift the boat.

It rises. Crunching free from the cliff top.

Thud!

35

EXT. ISLAND - MOUNTAINSIDE - DAY

35

Stripped to pieces, Thomas and Jeremy carry what's left of the boat as they traverse up the hill.

Jeremy leads the way, smiling despite the wind and rain beating at his face.

THOMAS

Do many seek to leave the Island?

JEREMY

A few. Only the blasphemers.

THOMAS

And are they granted safe passage?

JEREMY

Why do you ask, sir? You've been here but a day.

Thomas shows him the pendant, the photograph of Jennifer.

Recognizes it in a heartbeat. Jeremy's smile fades instantly.

THOMAS
I can trust you can't I, Jeremy?

JEREMY
Sir, I must go now.

Jeremy turns, rushes his feet. Thomas charges towards him.

THOMAS
NO! YOU DO NOT!

Jeremy stumbles back as Thomas reaches forward and tears the wood from his hands - scattering to the muddy ground.

Jeremy stands still. Trembling. Eyes rooted the floor.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
You know her.

Jeremy shakes his head - no.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
Yes. You do. I can see that you do.

Jeremy shakes his head harder. Fear building.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
Christ's sake, be a man, not a child!

JEREMY
I don't sir, I know not of which you speak.

THOMAS
LIES!

JEREMY
(afraid)
I should go, please I should.

Thomas grabs Jeremy forcing him back, tumbling to the ground.

THOMAS
Look into her eyes and lie to me once more. You know her. Say it!

JEREMY
I knew her.

Past tense. It kicks hard.

JEREMY (CONT'D)

Two months of moons ago, she was on
our boat.

36

INT. BOAT - NIGHT

36

As Jeremy loads livestock and supplies onto the deck of the boat, he overhears as Frank speaks with Kathleen.

KATHLEEN

Her brother owns a construction company, he has more than enough means. Neither are in wedlock, only servants and advisors would miss them.

Frank hands Kathleen an envelope, the same envelope that Thomas now carries, the ransom.

FRANK

He'll come for her?

KATHLEEN

He loves her deeply. He would move heaven and hell to have her back. But he will play by our rules.

As Jeremy drops a crate of chickens he hears a muffled scream, follows the sound to the hull of the boat.

Nestled amongst crates of livestock, he pulls a sheet back on a large trunk.

Lifts the lid - sees a terrified, trembling Jennifer inside.

JEREMY (O.S.)

I put thought she was a stowaway. But it didn't look like she was wanting to be heading where we was heading.

Immediately, Frank pushes the trunk shut.

Kathleen looks to Jeremy.

37

EXT. ISLAND - MOUNTAINSIDE - DAY

37

Back to the conversation.

THOMAS

Why didn't you help her?

JEREMY

Look at me, Mr. Richardson. I can barely safeguard a book across these shores - I may lack in the wisdom of words, and of science - but even I understand that if *they* knew I had any part, if *they* caught her in my charge...

THOMAS

They. Who's they?

JEREMY

Father Malcolm's guardians, protectors of his order. THEY hear when we talk ill, they know when we think of forbidden things, they punish us if we disobey. Please, sir, I beg of you - if you should be in possession of the ransom they seek. Do not pay it.

(beat)

For if you do, you'll never leave this Island.

THOMAS

Beneath the pastors house. There's a tunnel. Where does it lead?

Jeremy is perplexed. The first he's heard of it.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Where will it take me?

JEREMY

I don't...

THOMAS

(softly)

You boy, are in my charge. Should you wish to keep your illicit affair with that girl in the shadows, you will serve me during my time on this land and you will hold fast the purpose of my being here. Do you understand?

Jeremy nods.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Good.

Thomas lets go of him, heads back to the village.

38

EXT. VILLAGE - DAY

38

Andrea hangs bed sheets on one of the communal clothes lines.

As they flap in the wind, she catches Ffion stealing glances in her direction.

ANDREA
Everything, ok?
(beat)
Ffion?

Ffion looks around, then takes her basket, moves closer.

ANDREA (CONT'D)
What is it? Tell me.

FFION
Well, you... you have knowledge of -
you understand how we...
(lowers her hand to her
womb)
You would know, if I should be...
with child.

ANDREA
Oh... Well first, Jeremy would have
to...

FFION
Frequently. For many moons.

Andrea smiles, genuinely taken aback.

FFION (CONT'D)
I am required to... convince him
so, but-

Spots VILLAGERS hanging clothes to dry, eavesdropping.

Gestures at Ffion, they take their baskets and walk together.

FFION (CONT'D)
Andrea, I know that what we do is a
sin.

ANDREA
Do you love him?

FFION
With all my heart.

ANDREA

Then do not judge yourself as sinners.

FFION

But what if? You are learned, I trust in thee, tell me how I can be sure?

ANDREA

When was the last time you...

FFION

The winter months.

ANDREA

That may already be your answer.

Thomas brushes past Andrea, walking heavy footed to the inn.

Andrea watches, notices as a TOWNSMAN GUARD intercepts him and directs him towards the CHURCH.

FFION

Andrea?

Snaps out of it.

ANDREA

But there is a way to check-- to be sure.

39

INT. CHURCH - DUSK

39

Thomas joins a line up of men, all new arrivals, all stood in the church facing a waiting Malcolm, Frank and Quinn.

Heavily guarded by TOWNSMEN holding spears.

MALCOLM

As the leader of this community it seems I have failed to make myself clear on the rules that bind you.

(beat)

Under no circumstances are any members of this village, new or old, permitted to venture out after the ringing of the night bell. But last night... someone broke that rule.

Malcolm scans the line up. Makes eye contact with Thomas.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)
Kneel before me.

They all drop to their knees.

Malcolm walks to the beginning of the line up.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)
Amongst you is a man who does not
belong here. He is an intruder.

Thomas eyes his boot, the handle of the straight razor within reach.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)
The book of Therese, chapter 12,
verse 7. *"For I shall profit not, I
will seek not..."*

Malcolm stops looks to the first man on the line up.

MAN #1
*...the gold of my brother. For he
hath not more than I, nor I than
him.*

Malcolm steps across to the next in line - the recital continues seamlessly.

MAN #2
*For my life is not defined by
consumption, wealth and material
goods...*

Thomas watches as Malcolm edges closer.

MAN #3
*...it is an echo of my neighbour
and my neighbour's, neighbour.*

Thomas slowly slides his hands down his thighs to his boot, fingertips stretching for the handle of the straight razor.

Closer.

Closer still.

Stops. Sees, the Suspicious Passenger from the boat - next in line, kneeling alongside Thomas, also reaching for something.

He draws back his coat to reveal a knife - a royal crest insignia emblazoned into the handle.

Oblivious, Malcolm stops in front of him. MAN #4 doesn't look him in the eye.

MALCOLM

Well...

Quinn looks to signal the TOWNSMEN. Too late.

Hand gripped tight around the handle of his blade.

SUSPICIOUS PASSENGER

FOR KING AND COUNTRY!

Rises fast, lunges at Malcolm knife at the ready.

Thomas reacts, grabs hold of the Suspicious Passenger pulling back at his arms stopping him from being able to strike.

Malcolm is pulled away by his GUARDS.

The Suspicious Passenger spins, breaks free, slashes at Thomas' shoulder.

Thomas shouts in pain, clutching his wound.

The Suspicious Passenger turns once more for Malcolm but instead is met by FOUR spears that burst through his body at angles keeping him upright.

SUSPICIOUS PASSENGER (CONT'D)

(choking on blood)

This heathen land will burn!

As Malcolm is pushed to safety, he sees Thomas stood there, dazed, blood pouring from his shoulder.

Thomas drops back to this knees.

MALCOLM

Quickly! Lift him.

40

INT. MALCOLM'S HOUSE - DUSK

40

BAM! The door bursts open.

Andrea shocked gasps as Malcolm rushes in followed by GUARDS carrying Thomas, they place him onto the table.

ANDREA

What's going on?

MALCOLM

Treat the man. Do it!

Andrea rushes to her room, pulls a medical bag from under her bed.

Thomas laying on the table looks down, below it to the rug that hides the trapdoor. Malcolm's secret.

Malcolm tears open Thomas' shirt, reveals the wound.

Andrea pours alcohol into it.

Thomas doubles up in pain.

Quinn arrives, calls Malcolm to the door.

QUINN

He was from the mainland, an
assassin. His knife has the King's
markings.

Malcolm looks to Frank angrily.

MALCOLM

(disbelief)

Did you bring anyone at all you
were supposed to?

Thomas does his best to eavesdrop. Is interrupted.

ANDREA

This won't feel nice.

Thomas looks down, a needle and thread between her fingers.

She hands him a leather belt, he places it between his teeth.

The needle goes through, dragging the thread with it.

Thomas hits at the table.

QUINN

(hushed)

We're not done here, we still need
to find him.

MALCOLM

We go-- collect the girl. If he
insists on hiding, we'll show him
the consequences.

Malcolm looks back to Thomas, oblivious to what's staring him in the eye.

TIMECUT

41 **EXT. VILLAGE - NIGHT**

41

A horse, ridden by a TOWNSMAN GUARD clops along down the main strip of the village.

Dragging with it the dead body of the ASSASSIN by his feet.

42 **INT. MALCOLM'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

42

A much calmer Thomas, sits at the table as Andrea packs away her medical equipment.

Thomas wipes at a stain of blood left behind on the table.

THOMAS

My apologies, seems I spilt a little.

ANDREA

(jokingly)
How dare you!

She smiles. He returns it.

THOMAS

(gesturing at her medical bag)
How many trips did that take?

ANDREA

Over the years I've lost count. I owe that boy Jeremy everything for all I have learnt.

THOMAS

And the person who sends it. Trinkets such as these aren't easily acquired.

ANDREA

My Uncle, my mother's kin. He's a Doctor.

THOMAS

Dearest Andrea...

ANDREA

Precisely.

Thomas walks to a framed photograph, of a much younger looking Malcolm stood alongside SAMANTHA.

THOMAS
Your mother?

ANDREA
So I'm told. She died giving birth
to me.

THOMAS
I'm sorry.

ANDREA
My Uncle said I reminded him of
her. Said it gave him peace to know
his sister lived through me. All my
life, he was the only one who could
look at me, see her and still
smile. My father... sometimes I can
just see it in his eyes.
Resentment.

Thomas doesn't know how to respond.

ANDREA (CONT'D)
I bore you sir.

THOMAS
Not at all. Quite the opposite.

Andrea reaches into her bag, pulls out a small bottle of
Laudanum.

ANDREA
Take just a few drops, it should
see you through the night. I'll
come by tomorrow to change your
bandages.

THOMAS
My thanks, Miss Howe.

As he leaves, Andrea stands in her doorway.

Watches as the last remaining blue of the night sky turns
dark.

Thomas sits in darkness, waiting impatiently at the foot of
his bed.

Flicks the straight razor, cutting at the air: open, cut,
shut; open, cut, shut.

Foot twitches, tap-tapping at the floor.

Open, cut, shut.

DING!

The bell chimes.

Thomas looks to a window filled with the emptiness of night.

DING! Slides the razor into his boot.

DING! Pops the pendant into his breast pocket.

DING! Slings his jacket, over his shoulder.

DING! Walks to the door, about to leave.

MALCOLM (O.S.)
HEAR ME, PEOPLE OF ERISDEN!

Stops in his tracks.

No longer is the window just a void of black sky.

44

EXT. VILLAGE - NIGHT

44

A horse and cart slowly wheels its way down the main strip of the village.

Quinn and Malcolm walk alongside the cart.

Quinn guides the horses, despite the DRIVER's seat of the cart being occupied.

Holding a torch, Malcolm illuminates the cart - reveals Jennifer as the person occupying the seat - her hands bound, her mouth gagged.

MALCOLM
This woman you see before you has
broken the laws of our land. She
has come here to corrupt and
destroy the very fabric of our
community.

As they pass nearby houses - windows light up and are filled by the faces of the TOWNSMEN that inhabit them.

Andrea watches from her window - freezes in panic upon seeing Jennifer's face - recognizing her from Thomas' pendant.

They stop. Malcolm looks up at the windows of the INN.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

She is an agent of a dying God and a weak King who seeks to put an end to our way of life. But we, the people of Erisden, are a society built on forgiveness, are we not?

The TOWNSMEN cheer.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

Her kin, he is here also, a co-conspirator worming his way into our way of life. I call out to you now, remedy this situation. Make yourself known. Make good the debt she owes. Or it be the Heathen's Stand that awaits ye!

Malcolm points towards the Heathen's Stand, a solid wooden table - hand cranked, wooden vices positioned to clamp down and hold in place it's victim at the legs, arms and head.

The TOWNSMEN cheer louder, blood lust.

45 **INT. INN - THOMAS' ROOM - NIGHT**

45

Thomas breathes deep. And heavy.

In the dark of his room, he maintains his anonymity.

46 **EXT. VILLAGE - NIGHT**

46

Malcolm waits, nothing.

MALCOLM

Very well.

Nods to Quinn.

Quinn draws out a knife from his waistband, climbs onto the cart and moves towards Jennifer grabbing at her hair.

47 **INT. INN - THOMAS' ROOM - NIGHT**

47

Thomas reigns in his anger and emotions, as he hears Jennifer squeal with fear and pain.

Looks away unable to watch.

Bites down hard, fighting his reflexes knowing that he can't afford to give himself up.

The screaming over, Thomas looks to see Quinn step away from her - a patch of her scalp left bloodied and raw.

48 **EXT. VILLAGE - NIGHT**

48

Quinn tosses a lock of her hair into the mud.

MALCOLM

The sands of time are sinking. Her
life is in your hands.

The TOWNSMEN slowly clap as Malcolm and Quinn turn the horse and cart around returning into the shadows.

Each house, each room at the Inn joins the chorus of applause - one clap at a time.

49 **INT. INN - THOMAS' ROOM - NIGHT**

49

Thomas collapses with his back to the window, grief and frustration etched into his face.

The applause grows louder and louder.

Clap. Clap. CLAP. CLAP. CLAP!

50 **INT. MALCOLM'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

50

Malcolm steps in, places his rifle on a hook above the door.

Is met immediately by Andrea.

ANDREA

Who is she?

MALCOLM

What?

ANDREA

The girl.

MALCOLM

She arrived on our shores this morning.

ANDREA

This morning?

The logic doesn't add up. Knows he's lying to her.

MALCOLM

Frank found her, while he was out
fixing his boat. She must have
stowed away.

ANDREA

But she...

Thinks twice.

MALCOLM

We must be vigilant. Andrea, this
is a cruel world. There are those
who seek to invade, to crush us at
any given opportunity. But know
this, should they even try - we
shall smite them.

There's a menace behind Malcolm's eyes. A veiled threat.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

Nothing is more important than the
safe guarding of our way of life.
Never forget that.

51 **EXT. MARSH FIELD - PEKING, CHINA - NIGHT**

51

The fire and screaming returns to haunt us.

A knife tears at the back of Thomas' white robe.

His arms bound by rope are stretched wide as the night sky
glows orange as a fire rages beyond.

A rope burns into the flesh of his wrist as it twists
tighter, fists clenching.

Thomas screams in agony as steam rises from his shoulders.

A large wooden crucifix carving a silhouette into a wall of
fire, is reflected in Thomas' eyes as it crumbles and falls.

CUT TO:

52 **EXT. VILLAGE - DAWN**

52

All is quiet as the village sleeps.

Mist hangs, floating above blades of grass.

The lock of Jennifer's blonde hair resting in the mud.

Jennifer meanwhile, lays there shackled, exhausted, red tired eyes.

A chain runs from her wrists to the cenotaph in the middle of the main strip.

A TOWNSMEN sits guarding her, rifle resting across his lap.

53

INT. BLACKSMITHS - DAWN

53

CLANG! Sparks of embers bounce into the air as a BLACKSMITH hammers away at molten steel.

Jeremy appears in the background, carrying a laundry basket.

The BLACKSMITH points to the corner of the shack.

Jeremy collects a pile of dirty laundry. Stops to look at some tools hanging from a nearby wall.

Mallet. Chisel.

Jeremy nervously takes them, hiding them in the basket.

As he walks away, the BLACKSMITH continues to work.

CLANG!

54

INT. INN - THOMAS' ROOM - DAY

54

Thomas pulls on his clothing, delicate movement as he groans stretching at his injured shoulder.

He stops as he looks out of his window, curtains framing the torturous image of Jennifer, children climbing all over her.

55

EXT. VILLAGE - DAY

55

A young girl braids what's left of Jennifer's hair, as other children from the village climb over her, poke her with sticks.

Treat her like their plaything, a human doll.

Malcolm and Quinn pass her by walking through the village.

Malcolm all smiles, puts on his best public face in front of his community as they prepare decorations, tables and a feast for a festival of celebration.

Quinn however, is in no way hiding his true feelings.

QUINN

We don't have the resources for this Malcolm. These festivities will decimate our livestock. We are celebrating our way into starvation.

MALCOLM

If we are forced, we can feed upon the half breeds.

QUINN

Their flesh is not right. You know it yourself.

Malcolm cannot argue against that.

QUINN (CONT'D)

Give me the word and I'll carve that girl up. Jennifer's flesh alone would grant us a month of crops.

MALCOLM

And what of the money? What good does her death do us then? Trust me, Quinn...

QUINN

Trust in what, Malcolm? We are on the brink and right now they are worth more to us dead.

MALCOLM

Don't be so bold as to think you understand this land better than I, Quinn. Tonight, we will search their rooms as they enjoy their celebrations. If he's here, we find the money first - and then we kill them both.

Andrea walks past defiantly, carrying a bowl of soup and bread in one hand; a blanket in the other.

Malcolm distracted watches as she walks towards Jennifer.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

Andrea.

Ignores him. Ignores the eyes of the village as they fall upon her.

Sees Jennifer, she appears lifeless, whatever fight she once had all but gone in her eyes.

ANDREA
(angrily)
Off from her, now! Can we not allow
this lady her dignity!

The children run as Andrea approaches.

Kneels before Jennifer, her offering of soup and bread a desperate respite.

Jennifer wolfs it down in the manner of someone who hasn't eaten in days.

ANDREA (CONT'D)
Slowly. Or your body will reject
it.

Jennifer looks Andrea in the eye, the only kindness she has seen in all her time on this Island.

JENNIFER
(quietly)
My brother...

ANDREA
(quieter)
He's here.

Jennifer smiles, but it is soon replaced by fear.

JENNIFER
Where is he?

Andrea takes the blanket, wraps it around her - allowing them a moment of close proximity.

ANDREA
(whispers)
He's safe... And so shall you be. I
promise you. Hold strong.

Andrea stands up walks away. Too many eyes, too many ears.

Jennifer nods, tears rolling down her face - given strength by Andrea's words of hope.

Thomas and Jeremy stand atop the skeletal structure of a house, positioning the framework of the roof as it is lifted.

Orders are barked from below.

Thomas observes as Quinn and Malcolm pass by.

As they take the strain of the roof, Thomas looks across the village from this higher vantage point.

Looks to the treeline of the woods.

To the vast stretch of land beyond it, just out of sight.

TIMECUT

57

EXT. VILLAGE - BUILDING SITE - DUSK

57

Thomas washes the sawdust from his skin.

Watches as Malcolm instructs the TOWNSMAN guarding Jennifer.

The TOWNSMAN walks over and removes her chain from the cenotaph, drags her up onto her feet before taking her away on the horse and cart heading towards the woods.

Further along Jeremy sits drying his face with a towel.

Looks across to see Thomas' boots resting there, straight razor tucked inside a pouch.

THOMAS

She's on the other side of that
tunnel, I know it.

(beat)

Be ready.

The thought alone weighs heavy on Jeremy.

58

INT. QUINN'S HOUSE - EARLY EVENING

58

TOILET

Ffion stands in the toilet room.

She lifts her skirt, pulls down her underwear then grabs a hand mirror.

As she aligns it, checking her vagina - we see Quinn watching through a crack in the door.

He watches as she works the mirror to get a clear view.

Watches as she recoils, starts to cry.

FFION
(upset)
No, dear God, no.

Quinn steps back. The floor creaks beneath his feet.

Ffion startled, drops the mirror - it crashes, smashing against the floor.

Ffion watches the door in silence. Waiting.

Until.

Quinn slowly steps away, leaving Ffion to just hear his footsteps grow further out the front door.

59 **EXT. VILLAGE - NIGHT**

59

The village comes alive as small bonfires fill the night sky.

A quartet plays, percussive, fast music as the villagers dance and drink merrily.

Casks of wine - brought out to boost morale.

60 **INT. INN - THOMAS' ROOM - NIGHT**

60

Thomas looks out the window, watching as festivities unfold.

He throws his jacket over his shoulders, snatches at the pendant from the table, drops it into his breast pocket.

Heads for the door.

61 **INT. INN - CORRIDOR - NIGHT**

61

As Thomas steps out of his room, he looks down the corridor and stops.

A CHILD stands at the end of it - wearing a large papier-mâché mask. Pointing straight at him.

The music from the festival feels far away now.

Thomas, slowly, reaches into his pocket. Pulls out...

...his finger. Points and shoots.

THOMAS
Bang!

The CHILD giggles, points and shoots back at him before running down the stairs.

Thomas smiles, locks the door and walks on down the stairs.

After a short beat.

The Inn Keeper followed by Quinn and Malcolm come out from a neighbouring room.

The Inn Keeper key in hand moves towards Thomas' door.

MALCOLM

We have reason, Mrs. Dolan. We have cause. Whose room is this?

INN KEEPER

That would be Mr. Richardson's.

She pops open the door. They step inside.

62

EXT. VILLAGE - NIGHT

62

Thomas steps out into the festival, wears a smile to those that dance and sing with merriment.

Nods to Frank who stands, seemingly at guard outside the INN.

Thomas continues, focused on his own task at hand.

He mingles in amongst the crowds.

Andrea rushes to him, out of breath but full of *inebriated* energy.

ANDREA

Well hello!

THOMAS

Hello.

(gesturing at the
festival)

What is all this?

ANDREA

There's more to life than prayer and harvest, Mr. Richardson. It's called fun, you should try it sometime.

THOMAS

Thomas.

Ignores him.

ANDREA
Aren't you going to ask me to
dance?

THOMAS
My lady, it would be an honour, but
there is but the small matter of
your father...

Andrea smiles, squints her nose.

ANDREA
... I'm not sure he could be
persuaded.

Thomas smiles. Andrea steps in, close.

ANDREA (CONT'D)
I sincerely doubt he would be happy
for hands such as these.

She takes them in hers.

ANDREA (CONT'D)
To be holding onto the hips of his
good, little girl.

Thomas doesn't break eye contact with her. Doesn't let slip.

ANDREA (CONT'D)
These are far from scholarly hands,
Mr. Richardson.

THOMAS
Thomas. And I never proclaimed to
be such...

She steps closer.

ANDREA
Your eyes, they've seen things.

Thomas starts to crack.

The more he does, the more Andrea starts to focus on him.

ANDREA (CONT'D)
Who are you?

He casts a look, spots Jeremy who stands behind Malcolm's
HOUSE - clutching at a satchel of tools.

THOMAS
Please excuse me, Andrea.

Thomas pulls away from her.

ANDREA
No, wait. Don't...

THOMAS
I'm sorry.

Disappears into the crowds, leaving Andrea to stand there.

Ffion rushes in, pulling her into the dance.

63

EXT. MALCOLM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

63

Checking over his shoulder, Thomas joins Jeremy behind Malcolm's house.

Jeremy shows him the tools taken from the blacksmiths.

THOMAS
(smiling)
You've done well. Follow me.

Both disappear beneath the house, heading to the bricked wall of the tunnel.

As Thomas holds up his lantern, surveying the wall more closely, Jeremy opens the satchel of tools.

JEREMY
Are you sure about this, sir?

THOMAS
I have cause.

Thomas takes a hammer and a chisel and starts to work on the weak, crumbling cement that holds it together.

It flakes away with each strike of the hammer, each hit drowned out by the sounds of celebration.

64

INT. INN - THOMAS' ROOM - NIGHT

64

Quinn and Malcolm search Thomas' room high and low.

So far, to no avail.

QUINN
It must be here. I swear it's him.

Malcolm takes a more measured approach, taps at the empty hangers in the empty closet.

MALCOLM
Maybe. Maybe not.

Picks up the suitcase, eyes it more closely.

QUINN
My Kathleen, she has never failed
us before. She knows...

MALCOLM
She's not here.

Feels the pricked leather, the scuffed edges.

Pops it open, inside it - clothing for a family, dresses, suits, children's clothing, a family photograph - no one in it resembling Thomas.

Malcolm is struck by this discovery.

Moves to the desk - starts to open drawers - sees only the bound manifesto, nudges it to one side.

Feels around and beneath the desk, suddenly a slip of paper catches against his finger.

Malcolm pulls at it, unfolding something all the more shocking.

The map of the village, the notes, the suspicions all on display.

Tries to take it all in.

Eyes fall onto one key element.

A circle. Drawn inside a box.

The box, Malcolm'S HOUSE.

The circle, the TUNNEL.

Malcolm freezes. A wave of panic washing over him as he rushes to the window.

Looks down to see the glowing light of Thomas' lantern resting beneath the structure of his house.

QUINN
What is it?

MALCOLM

It's him! We need to move. Now!

Opens the window, shouts to Frank below.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

Frank!

Frank looks up, the festival continues to go on oblivious.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

The house!

Frank rushes from his post.

Quinn charges out of Thomas' room.

Malcolm replaces the map back beneath the desk, leaving nothing disturbed before joining the chase.

65

EXT. MALCOLM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

65

Thomas pulls out another brick from the structure, places it atop a stack of FIVE already removed.

It leaves a gap just big enough for him to fit inside.

Thomas turns, starts to move backwards, feet first into the space - squeezing his frame into the tunnel.

THOMAS

Close it. Don't seal it! As soon as you're done, leave. Don't wait for me.

Jeremy nods nervously.

JEREMY

Yes, sir.

THOMAS

Thank you, Jeremy.

Thomas smiles to him, before sliding further down into the...

66

INT. TUNNEL - NIGHT

66

Thomas lowers his body down into the tunnel.

True to his word, Jeremy starts replacing the bricks.

Lantern in hand, Thomas takes in his new surroundings.

The tunnel has been roughly built.

Cracked wooden support beams keep the ground above him at bay.

Takes out a compass, looks for the curve in the tunnel as it heads in a north westerly direction.

A quiet wind wisps through the air, he starts to walk - counting his paces.

The tunnel walls widen and narrow as he ventures deeper.

Thomas runs his hands against the compacted earth walls.

There's nowhere to hide.

67 **EXT. VILLAGE - NIGHT**

67

Malcolm and Quinn charge across the village grounds making a bee-line for Malcolm'S HOUSE.

68 **EXT. MALCOLM'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

68

Frank, arriving at the scene ahead of them crouches low - sees the intruder replacing a brick in the wall.

FRANK

You Bastard!

Reaches and grabs at the intruders foot.

Drags him from under the house, lifting his body up, slamming it against the wall.

In that moment - Frank comes eye to eye with the intruder's accomplice, his son, Jeremy.

It hits him hard.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Boy...

JEREMY

Dad.

Frank has a thousand questions racing through his mind, but the time for none.

FRANK

Go, go now before they come.

JEREMY
I'm sorry Da...

FRANK
Go I tell ye! I'll deal with ye
when it's right.

The sound of Malcolm and Quinn arriving nearby is enough to send Jeremy running, out of sight.

Frank seeing his boy disappear around a corner, drops to the ground and rushes beneath the house.

Pulls at the loose bricks Jeremy had replaced, back out to the floor.

QUINN (O.S.)
FRANK! Where are ye?

FRANK
Down here.

Quinn and Malcolm both crouch low, they see Frank crouched low - his lantern illuminating the hole in the tunnel wall.

FRANK (CONT'D)
He's in there.

Malcolm wastes no time, immediately moves to his horse and unties her from a resting post.

MALCOLM
Frank take my fathers rifle, get
down there and flush him out, Quinn
stand guard should he return.

QUINN
Should be me down there.

MALCOLM
I want him a prisoner in possession
of answers, not a corpse. I'll cut
him off at the exit.

Malcolm gallops away, fast.

Passes Jeremy, who stands at the end of the village - rooted with fear, unable to do anything but wait it out.

Frank and Quinn burst in through the door.

Frank makes a bee-line for the rifle that hangs above the door, starts loading ammunition.

Quinn moves the table away, casts the rug to one side revealing the trapdoor. Pulls it open.

QUINN

Don't hesitate. You see him. You shoot him.

70

EXT. MALCOLM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

70

Andrea nears the window, as she returns home.

Her once jovial mood disappearing the moment she hears Quinn's last words.

The moment she sees Malcolm's rifle in Frank's hands a lantern hanging off the barrel.

QUINN

Go will ye!

Frank moves down into the tunnel, leaving Quinn to hold the fort.

Andrea moves back away from her house.

71

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

71

Malcolm tears through the woodland, passing trees and...

72

EXT. BARN - NIGHT

72

...out through a clearing in the woods.

Dismounts from his horse, pulls a rifle from the saddle.

Stands at some distance, gun poised at the trapdoor.

73

INT. TUNNEL - NIGHT

73

Thomas continues his path, walls forcing him to squeeze his body between them.

So tight, the pressure on his rib cage makes the bones start to fracture.

Deep breaths to calm the nerves.

He continues forward until he sees the trapdoor up ahead.

Before it, a deep, wide trough like chasm in the ground filled with discarded animal carcasses.

A soup of blood and ground flesh with a plank of wood resting over it, acting as a walkway towards the trapdoor.

Thomas stares at the exit. Oblivious to...

74

EXT. BARN - NIGHT

74

Malcolm. Waiting. Gun starting to feel heavy in his hands.

Eyes locked on the door.

75

INT. TUNNEL - NIGHT

75

Meanwhile, Thomas, rolls up the sleeve of his shirt. Starts to draw the path of his journey.

A curving trail that goes from a **O** to an **X**.

Along the way he writes annotations:

NW 216 pcs.

NE 65 pcs.

And so on.

Eyes locked on the trapdoor. About to discover what lays beyond it.

Looks down, sees his shadow stretch in front of him - turns to see a bounce of light from behind creeping around a corner.

Grows brighter as it nears. The shadow of a rifle barrel stretching along the wall.

Further down the tunnel, Frank, lantern hanging from his rifle as he walks - aim at the ready.

Nervous energy etched into his face.

Thomas, turns back to the trapdoor reaches for a rung of the ladder.

76

EXT. BARN - NIGHT

76

Malcolm straightens the rifle as it rests into his shoulder.

Behind him, his horse lets out a snort.

Malcolm reacts. Eyes locking right back at the trapdoor.

77

INT. TUNNEL - NIGHT

77

Thomas stops short. Something, or SOMEONE is there.

Between the slats of the trapdoor, he sees Malcolm's rifle.

Backs up, over the trough of dead animals. Yet he remains trapped.

Behind him, Frank edging closer and closer.

Thomas plunges his hand into the pool of blood and flesh, reaching below the surface, feeling for the path of the trough as it journeys further beyond the walls of the tunnel.

78

INT. CHASM - NIGHT

78

His hand rises up into a small chasm, the slightest pocket of air that exists between the earth above and the trough of animal entrails.

Enough to rest the palm of his hand. Mere inches of air.

79

INT. TUNNEL - NIGHT

79

Frank and his lantern draw ever nearer.

Now or never.

Thomas lowers into it, steadying himself as blood and body parts float around his face.

Knows he has to delve deeper if he is to survive.

Deep breath. Under.

Not deep enough to swim through. Not wide enough to slide into.

Thomas scrapes and squeezes his body into the chasm, pushing hard with his legs to force himself through as...

...Frank turns the corner, rifle poised.

He stops as he sees the empty tunnel. Moves towards the trapdoor.

80 **EXT. BARN - NIGHT**

80

Malcolm, patience tested to breaking point, sees the creeping light of a lantern approaching the slats of the trapdoor.

Finger slips. Shot fired.

81 **INT. TUNNEL - NIGHT**

81

It bursts through the trapdoor, narrowly misses Frank who is showered in splintered wood.

FRANK
JESUS CHRIST MAN! DON'T SHOOT!

82 **EXT. BARN - NIGHT**

82

Malcolm stands there, trembling still from the power of a fired gun.

Looks out at the woods, how could they have lost him.

83 **INT. CHASM - NIGHT**

83

Finally he emerges. Spits out whatever got into his mouth.

Screams for air. But it's a thick foul air, the stench of death.

A dying animal thrashes against him in its death throes.

Through a river of dead animals, Thomas drags himself.

Lantern filled with blood, extinguished, bobs on the surface.

Face pressed against the earth above him, he grips at the roots of trees that drop down from above.

Using all his might he pulls himself forward, out through an opening of light that leads into....

84 **INT. CAVE - NIGHT**

84

A small cavernous space close to the shore, sound of waves crashing from outside.

White foam of the churning sea spits up from below.

Thomas drags himself to safety, his once white suit now dripping with meat and blood.

He struggles in agony, lifts his shirt to reveal a splintered animal bone, wedged into his hip.

Struggling, tosses the lantern off to one side. Works a box of matches until one ignites.

Breathing heavily, beneath a flickering flame, the painted walls of this cave are illuminated.

A visual tapestry of the history of this Island.

A boat - "Exodus" written into its side, its sails spread across a crucifix, an elderly woman - strapped to the front with rope.

Further along, the boat again - only now the sails are engulfed in flames, along with the captain and his seamen.

The ELDERLY WOMAN, strapped to a crucifix floats along in the sea, no longer attached to the vessel.

The Island. A pair of eyes - hang omnipotent above it.

The ELDERLY WOMAN. Naked. Streaks of red blood where her vagina should be. Again where her mouth should.

Surrounded, by a ring of flowers in full bloom.

A final half finished painting shows a boat - with a man standing on deck - the shape of a crucifix across his back.

85

EXT. VILLAGE - NIGHT

85

Andrea hiding behind her house watches as Malcolm returns to the village on horseback with Frank.

Quinn meets them in the now empty main courtyard.

QUINN

Well...

MALCOLM

He escaped.

Andrea, reacts - a look in her eyes suggesting she knows how.

QUINN

I told ye it should've been me
[that] hunted him.

MALCOLM

(to FRANK)

Take what wood you need.

(MORE)

MALCOLM (CONT'D)
 Rouse help and fix that boat
 through the night. I want Kathleen
 back on these shores and I want to
 know what we are dealing with
 immediately.

FRANK
 Yes, Malcolm.

MALCOLM
 (to QUINN)
 YOU! You keep watch on that Inn. If
 he should return, or if his curtain
 so much as flutters I want him in
 shackles and kneeling before me.
 This ends now.

Quinn nods begrudgingly, both men tend to their duties.

Alone, Malcolm looks across, to the woodland and beyond - to
 the...

86 **EXT. BARN - NIGHT**

86

The trees blow in the wind, leaves and branches, fluttering
 and creaking.

87 **INT. BARN - NIGHT**

87

In the dark bowels of the barn we see HER.

She who gives, she who takes. The very foundation of this
 island.

She EXISTS. Bound to a throne of vines and tree branches, SHE
 is a prisoner, a convict, *God enslaved*.

Paper thin, wrinkled skin hangs to her veins, weak grey hair
 that could blow away from her scalp with the change of wind.

Enter Malcolm, as he walks before her. Naked.

Delicately takes a steel needle from the foot of her bed.

MALCOLM
 You showed yourself to him. Why?

SHE looks away.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)
 He can't be trusted. He won't
 worship you as I.

He opens his mouth, protrudes his tongue. Presses firmly with the needle into the flesh.

Pricking it. He grimaces with pain.

SHE watches, waiting like a junkie for her fix.

Finally, it rises to the surface. Blood. Fresh blood.

SHE struggles to contain herself, the sight of it arousing a hunger within her. A desire she cannot fight.

Malcolm drops the needle. Does his best to keep the growing volume of blood inside his mouth as he climbs on top of her.

Positions his lips just a fraction above *Her's*.

Opens his mouth, a flow of blood pouring from him to *Her*.

SHE groans, louder as she is *fed* by Malcolm's bleeding tongue, stretches up to suck at it.

The vines that surround her throne come to life, growing, blossoming stretching around the twisted branches.

88 **EXT. BARN - NIGHT**

88

The trees blow loud, drowning out her roar.

The moon glows beneath cover of clouds.

Floating orange embers rise into the night sky, building in intensity...

MATCH CUT TO:

89 **EXT. MARSH FIELD - PEKING, CHINA - NIGHT**

89

That wall of fire. Those screams. They're back again.

Thomas, laying there on his back, unconscious.

Laying next to him, motionless, a woman, his WIFE.

Thomas finally comes to as the sounds of REBELS grabbing at screaming, terrified BELIEVERS and MISSIONARIES rings out.

He looks across, still dazed, still coming to - sees his WIFE, she stares at him -almost feels like there's still life in her eyes - but the crucifix shape branded into her forehead lays to rest any doubts.

Thomas' eyes fill with a flood of tears. Doesn't see the charging of REBEL feet as they approach him, only realizes they are there when one of them accidentally kicks her head, and it rolls - free-of-body - away from him.

THOMAS

No!

They grab him, a noose placed around his neck, two more fastened around his wrists.

Holy Bible ripped from his hands, tossed onto a pyre.

Thomas is dragged through the marsh, lifted to his knees.

Large wooden cross before him - once erected as a symbol of God's love, now a symbol of hate as the fires burn deep, glowing orange embers cracking the wood apart from within.

The Rebel Leader tears his robes open at the back, revealing his bare clean, skin.

Barks an order at one of his men.

Thomas sees a REBEL nearing a burning pyre.

With a set of tongs he pulls out a large, smelting, metal crucifix - dripping fire to the earth.

Walks with it towards Thomas' back.

Thomas in desperation, clasps his hands together and starts to pray.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Blessed be my Father, I beg of thee
hear my prayer. I beg for your
divine intervention!

The Rebel Leader shouts. TWO REBELS pull hard at the ropes around his wrists - separating his hands from prayer.

He fights it, clasps his hands together as he continues to scream his prayer - the crucifix growing closer.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

I beg of you, in this time of need -
show yourself!

The Rebel Leader screams at him in CHINESE, slaps Thomas across the face. His arms pulled wide once more.

The Rebel Leader signals.

The BURNING CRUCIFIX is placed on his back.

Thomas screams in pain as it burns across his shoulders and down his spine. Skin sizzles.

In front of him, the wooden crucifix gives way to the fires that have infected it - collapsing to the ground.

Thomas drops with it. His skin red, raw, a deep burn.

The Rebel Leader takes his sword.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
(hushed tones, slurring)
Where are you? You coward, you
pitiful fucking swine! Show
yourself.

Raises it aloft, places it against the back of Thomas' neck.

Thomas reaches inside his boot, pulls out his straight razor.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
I refuse you. Be it heaven, or
hell; I refuse you in all of your
guises.

Slides open the razor, catches in the reflection of the fire.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
I guide this blade. I guide my
fate. Not you.

The Rebel Leader swings down the sword.

Thomas spots his moment to...

CUT TO:

90

INT. CAVE - DAWN

90

Thomas wakes up, jacket caked in dried flesh and blood, grips his head in agony as a splitting headache pulsates.

FLASHCUT: Thomas holding the Rebel Leader down on the ground by his throat, wildly slashing at his shredded face.

Back to the cave, shakes it off, memories haunting him.

ANDREA (O.S.)
You found it.

Thomas looks, sees Andrea silhouetted by the morning light.

She walks to him, fresh clothing in her hands.

THOMAS
What is this place?

ANDREA
Change into these.

Thomas takes off his jacket, immediately doubles up in pain.

Andrea looks shocked, rushes to him.

Helps Thomas, lifting his shirt to get to the animal bone wedged into his hip.

Instinctively, Andrea reaches for her hunting knife.

Thomas pushes her back.

THOMAS
No.

ANDREA
Thomas please...

Relents.

Andrea rolls up Thomas' shirt, notices the scar on his back.

Lines up the knife against his hip.

THOMAS
Why are you helping me?

ANDREA
So that you may help me in return.

Digs the knife in.

Thomas grimaces with pain as Andrea scoops out the bone.

Wipes the blade and pops open the window of her lantern and balances the blade above the flame.

Grabs at Thomas' rolled up shirt and pushes it against his wound.

ANDREA (CONT'D)
Don't let go. Keep pressing tight.

Thomas grunts, struggling to catch breath.

ANDREA (CONT'D)
I can help you find her.

THOMAS

The daughter of a man who wants me
dead.

ANDREA

No, not I - not my father.

THOMAS

Child you must be blind to think
otherwise.

ANDREA

He's a lot of things Mr.
Richardson, but he's not a
murderer. He wouldn't. Not he.

THOMAS

He would. He has. Andrea you know
it to be true.

Searches. Andrea doesn't answer.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Jennifer didn't *come here*. She was
taken.

Shows Andrea the ransom letter. Her heart sinks as she reads.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

She's no traitor, she's no spy.
She's just a kidnapped girl being
used to pay the bills of this so
called paradise. But if you help
me, I swear to it, for as long as
my path is clear I'll let your
father live...

Andrea presses the burning hot blade against his hip, Thomas
does his best to stifle the pain as she cauterizes the wound.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Fuck!

Thomas lifts the jawbone of the animal that was once stuck in
him, holds it in absurd, disbelief.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

What is this place?

ANDREA

You wouldn't believe me.

96

EXT. WHEAT FIELD - DAY

96

Rows of wheat sway in the gentle wind as Thomas and Andrea walk through it.

Andrea looks up at the greying skies.

ANDREA

We're due some weather.

THOMAS

I'm due answers.

They exit the reeds, into an opening - Andrea places her brown leather medical bag on the ground.

Pops it open, pulls out a brown glass bottle of chemicals.

Adds it to a flask, then sprinkles a handful of soil into it.

Swirls the mixture around.

ANDREA

Look...

Holds up the chemical reaction. Thomas is perplexed.

ANDREA (CONT'D)

It's toxic. All this, acres of land. It's a scorched earth we live upon.

(looks at the surrounding crops)

Yet somehow it grows...

THOMAS

Has it always been this way?

ANDREA

Far from it. My Father, he came here first. He led the expedition with Mr. Roberts and Mr. Williams.

97

EXT. SHORE - DAY

97

With a low tide, their main ship anchored at sea Malcolm, Quinn and Frank take a rowboat the rest of the way to shore.

ANDREA (V.O.)

They searched for somewhere, anywhere that was far enough from the reach of our King. Far enough from his order of persecution.

They walk past an old shipwreck buried in sand.

The word "Exodus" etched into its side.

ANDREA (V.O.)
It was a land rich with harvest.
It's what drew them to her shores.

Time and the sea has weathered this vessel, all manner of fungal decay clinging to the wood.

Frank observes as the boat appears to be pointing in the direction of the sea, away from the Island.

Almost as if it was held back.

ANDREA
The promise of a self-sustaining
paradise.

They stand, looking up at the mighty cliff face before them.

98

EXT. WHEAT FIELD - DAY

98

Andrea grabs at a handful of wheat, crumbles it in her hands.

ANDREA
This land was blessed, by a higher
order. My father, he sees Her.
Speaks to Her. Understands Her. We
give to her offerings - jars of our
blood. And in return, she feeds us.

Deep beneath the golden wheat, is a black, deathly decay.

ANDREA (CONT'D)
Only now it seems her strength is
fading. These crops have become
riddled with impurities. Our
livestock - ill-shaped beasts that
cannot breed. She spites us.

THOMAS
Her? She?

ANDREA
God.

THOMAS
(scoffs)
Insanity.
(points to the sky)
(MORE)

THOMAS (CONT'D)

If God exists, then he is either a dying old man, bereft of sight and deaf to the cries of mercy from his subjects. Or a cruel, spiteful, hateful bastard, ill deserving of our worship and respect.

ANDREA

Tell me, Thomas, what drives such hate into your soul?

THOMAS

I was once, a man who held fast a belief in the divine. Took the book of Jesus Christ our saviour into the heart of Peking. Showed them the glory and the love of God.

ANDREA

And...

THOMAS

They showed us the devil.

99

INT. QUINN'S HOUSE - DAY

99

Ffion bites her lower lip, waiting for a response.

Jeremy is beaming, a smile stretching across his face.

JEREMY

Pregnant?

FFION

(half smile, half fear)

Aye.

JEREMY

(excited)

That means I'm going to be a Da?

FFION

And me a mother.

JEREMY

The best there'll ever be.

Ffion smiles, places his hand on her stomach.

He pulls her in close. Kisses her.

Suddenly reminded of something.

JEREMY (CONT'D)
Wait, wait right here. I have
something. For us.

Rushes for the door, Ffion follows him to the door.

100 **INT. TAVERN - DAY**

100

Quinn watches as Jeremy exits, rushing towards the
Blacksmiths.

Leaving Ffion to look around the village, her smile offset by
a look of concern before she steps back inside.

Quinn mind racing as he pieces it all together, empties his
glass, then storms out of the Tavern angrily.

101 **INT. QUINN'S HOUSE - DAY**

101

BAM! The door bursts open and Quinn charges in.

FFION
Father, what is it?

He grabs her by the hair, pulls her across the floor.

QUINN
Tell me now, what suspicions have
ye confirmed.

FFION
No, father. You don't...

QUINN
Inform me child! Lest I see what ye
hide.

Grabs at her skirt, starts to lift it.

FFION
It's mine to keep.

Quinn is hit by a truck.

QUINN
(stunned)
What say ye?

102 **EXT. ISLAND - JETTY - DAY**

102

The boat pulls up to shore.

Kathleen steps off, Malcolm walks, quick to greet her.

KATHLEEN

(abrupt)

We need to get that man off the
Island. He's not who you think he
is.

MALCOLM

We know who he is.

KATHLEEN

No, you have no idea.

103

EXT. WHEAT FIELD - DAY

103

Andrea packs her medical bag.

THOMAS

Beyond the trees. What awaits me?

ANDREA

We are not permitted to go there...

THOMAS

It mattered not to you before. Tell
me.

ANDREA

A barn. That tunnel, runs 'neath
the village, past the woods to a
clearing - to the barn.

THOMAS

Then we go. Before nightfall.

ANDREA

I'll help you find your sister. But
only if you take me with you. To
the mainland.

104

INT. QUINN'S HOUSE - DAY

104

A tearful Ffion steps back for every step that Quinn takes
towards her as they circle the room.

QUINN

Whose is it?

(impatient)

WHO PUT THAT INSIDE YOU?

Ffion is shaken, tears welling.

FFION

Please. Father. See it not for the judgement of his actions.

QUINN

No, pray no. Not him.

FFION

He followed only what I asked.

QUINN

This - this is a Harlot's tongue, them be a whore's lips that move before me.

FFION

Then look into my eyes and see the daughter that stands, frightened and in need of her Father's love.

Quinn ignores her pleas, fixated on his own solution.

He points to her stomach.

QUINN

You have no idea what monstrosity grows inside you. This is an abomination. An impurity. A bastard, mongoloid breed - conceived out of wedlock, to be born in lumps of twisted flesh no man, nor mother could ever call her own.

FFION

No.

QUINN

Yes, child! I have seen it. That thing... it will kill you.

Quinn eyes a knife on the table. Ffion backs away, trembling.

QUINN (CONT'D)

I won't stand for it.

Quinn grabs the knife, rushes for her as she tries to escape.

Ffion screams as he catches her, swinging her to the floor.

Kathleen and Malcolm with Frank in tow charge up the hill.

MALCOLM

Why did you stay behind?

KATHLEEN

He saw me on the streets. I swear he recognized me on the train. No manner of coincidence would have excused my presence on that boat. If I had, I'd be walking back to the village with his blade at my throat.

(beat)

I'm back here for Ffion alone. I won't do this anymore Malcolm. I can't be part of this. We're leaving.

MALCOLM

Kathleen...

KATHLEEN

A man died in the city, Malcolm. We can't cover that up, we can't contain it, they will investigate. And they will follow us here. To you, to Quinn, to me.

MALCOLM

I need you here.

KATHLEEN

No, you need me over there. Doing your bidding. Malcolm I was happy to follow you when all this was about the word of your heart. But it stopped being that a long time ago.

MALCOLM

This is our paradise.

KATHLEEN

No, it's not anybody's.

106 **EXT. VILLAGE - DAY**

106

Jeremy runs, placard of wood beneath his arm, heading towards Ffion's house.

107 **INT. QUINN'S HOUSE - DAY**

107

Bursts through the door excitedly.

JEREMY

Ffi, I have something...

Drops the sign to the floor.

Stopped in his tracks. Jeremy freezes as he sees Ffion laying there in a heap, blood stains her crotch and belly.

Her face pale with death, flecks of blood decorate her skin.

QUINN

You did this.

Quinn. Sat upright, barely able to comprehend what he has done. Hands drenched in the blood of his child.

QUINN (CONT'D)

You put your seed inside my
beautiful angel, I had no choice...

He staggers to his feet, as if drunk with grief.

JEREMY

My Ffion...

QUINN

(incensed)

MY DAUGHTER! You took her from me.

Jeremy is lost, his emotions building to a rage.

In his hands, Thomas' straight razor.

Unfolds it, grips the handle tight. Rage building in his eyes.

Charges at Quinn, slashing wildly in his direction.

Jeremy's anger is boundless - swings Quinn hard into the pantry - pots and pans clattering to the ground.

Rushes in with the razor, blade digs in, beneath the skin of Quinn's neck - he grips tight at Jeremy's hand stopping him from dragging it further.

Quinn breaks free but not before a final slash tears at his eyelid.

Quinn stumbles back towards the door, out into...

...the wide open space of the village courtyard.

QUINN
HELP! SOMEBODY HELP!

A shocked crowd gathers - sees a defenseless Quinn scrambling, bleeding through the mud as a raging, blood-soaked Jeremy rushes after him.

QUINN (CONT'D)
He killed her. He killed my girl!

Jeremy suddenly snaps out of his rage.

JEREMY
No... I didn't... She...

QUINN
MURDERER!

The villagers gather in numbers. Eyes like pointing fingers.

All pointing to the bloodied straight razor in his hands.

Jeremy is unable to compute, his heightened emotional state giving way to overwhelming fear and confusion.

He drops the straight razor into the mud.

Runs with all the energy he can find in his legs.

QUINN (CONT'D)
(to TWO TOWNSMEN)
After him!

The TWO TOWNSMEN give chase, following Jeremy's path.

Quinn gets back up onto his feet - clutches at his neck.

QUINN (CONT'D)
Prepare the Heathen's Stand, by
order of purification!

BELL RINGER
But sir, Malcolm is not...

QUINN
Malcolm is not the divine ruler of
this land. Now follow the orders I
give or, I swear by the blood of my
kin, you shall face the same fate.
(beat)
Now, sound the alarm!

The BELL RINGER grabs at a bell hammer, contemplates it for a moment, the significance of Quinn's order hanging heavy.

But Malcolm is nowhere to be seen.

Rattles hard and fast against the bell.

Rings out across the village, echoing through the trees.

109

EXT. WHEAT FIELD - DAY

109

Enough to alert Thomas and Andrea.

Andrea watches as the crops bounce with the wind.

ELSEWHERE: Jeremy charges terrified through storks of wheat.

FURTHER BACK: The TWO TOWNSMEN continue to hound his every step.

Back at the opening Andrea, hearing only approaching footsteps, grabs at her belongings, rushes to pack everything.

THOMAS

What's happening?

ANDREA

Help me.

Thomas tosses in whatever paraphernalia is left.

The footsteps grow closer. Louder.

Storks start to wave. Growing nearer.

BAM! Jeremy bursts from the rows of wheat collapsing towards a startled Andrea, tears streaming down his face.

JEREMY

Andrea, please help me, I didn't hurt her, I swear I didn't touch her -

ANDREA

Jeremy! What's happened? What are you talking about?

The TWO TOWNSMEN arrive, reaching for Jeremy who squeals uncontrollably with fear and sadness choking his breath like a terrified child as they restrain him.

THOMAS

Wait! Stop.

Andrea rushes forward, ignoring the TOWNSMEN, places her calming hands on Jeremy's face.

ANDREA
Jeremy, where's Ffion?

JEREMY
I didn't do it. It was him, he
ripped our child from her...

Andrea is shocked to her core.

TOWNSMAN #1
The boy killed her.

TOWNSMAN #2
He's to be purified.

ANDREA
What?! No!

Reinforcements arrive at the scene. Enough to carry Jeremy, enough to wedge a divide between Andrea and Thomas from them.

ANDREA (CONT'D)
No! Listen to his words!

Jeremy's hoisted body scatters against the tips of the wheat, as he is carried back to the village.

110

EXT. VILLAGE - EARLY EVENING

110

The sun starts to set.

The cold wind of an incoming storm blows eerily as clouds form to cast the village beneath a blanket of shadows.

In the centre of the village, The Heathens Stand a drill, locked in position with drill bit and hole saw rests above.

Quinn, neck wrapped in bandages, stands waiting as the villagers (Mothers, Fathers, Children alike) surround the Heathens' Stand in a circle all wearing ceremonial black hoods and robes ahead of this ritual.

It's a solemn affair, no cheers, no celebrations.

Just an eerie atmosphere of death hanging in the air punctuated by the sudden arrival of Jeremy who, in hysterics, screams as he is carried, head hanging upside down as his captors struggle to keep hold of his trembling body.

Carried by his arms and legs - a bewildered Jeremy is eye level with the children who watch behind their oversized hoods as he is dragged on.

Unceremoniously dumped onto the table.

ANDREA
(to QUINN)
You monster!

Andrea rushes towards Quinn - a TOWNSMAN steps in to block her path, keeping her at arms length.

Thomas follows pulling guards away from Jeremy.

QUINN
RESTRAIN HIM!

The guards separate them.

Jeremy screams in desperation, reaching for Thomas who is knocked to his knees with clubs, arms locked above his head with staffs.

ANDREA
That boy would never harm her! All
he had in his heart was love for
her.

Quinn peels back his bandage, shows the extent of his injuries.

QUINN
Is this the love of which you
speak? Is it, child?
(addresses the village)
I, a father, robbed of kin, even in
this a moment of unforgiving grief,
am merciful. Am I not?

Silence. Except.

ANDREA
You will suffer for all eternity.

QUINN
(quietly, to ANDREA)
Not before him.
(to the CROWD)
He shall be cleansed according to
the edict of this land. We will
purify his soul, that he should be
accepted into her loving grace.
(MORE)

QUINN (CONT'D)

I will endeavour to forgive him as
he passes through to the ether.

(beat)

Fasten him.

TWO TOWNSMEN walk to each of the vices.

Their hands grip tight to Jeremy's arms and the hand crank
handle.

They turn them, compacting the vice tight until it forces the
bones in Jeremy's forearms to snap within.

Jeremy screams in pain as the process is repeated, each arm
and each leg.

And then, his head.

Clamped tight, his skull crunches under the pressure - but
it's not enough to kill him.

It just keeps him locked, completely immobile.

His glassy, glazed over eyes dart from side to side - the
spectators a hazy blur as rain drops slowly start to fall
onto his face.

As he struggles to move, a build up of pressure forces a tear
of blood to spill from his eye.

Quinn moves to Jeremy holding Thomas' straight razor, wipes
the blood and mud off the blade against Jeremy's tie.

Lines it up with his scalp line and dry shaves the locks of
hair from his head leaving a bald patch that is speckled with
cuts and scratches from the razor.

Positions the drill, cranking it forward until it pricks at
the top of Jeremy's skull.

Quinn crouches low, to his head.

QUINN (CONT'D)

(whispers)

I've wanted this.

At fever pitch Jeremy's hips gyrate but with each limb locked
so tight, it has little to no effect on the outcome.

Quinn turns the handle, both drill bit and saw start to grind
through his skull.

GRUNK!

The villagers recoil in horror. Children turning to the safe arms of their parents.

Quinn continues to turn the handle until Jeremy is silent, until he is still.

Lifts a single rose petal held between a pair of tweezers.

Thomas watches with close intent - the significance of the rose petal, much like that found in the envelope he received from Jennifer.

QUINN (CONT'D)

I grant unto thee, this symbol of
purity. Let it guide you.

Places it deep inside the cavity, resting it on the back of his tongue.

QUINN (CONT'D)

Pray for him.

The villagers bow their heads. Andrea collapses to her knees.

The TWO TOWNSMEN begin to unlock the vices from Jeremy's limbs, his arms and legs softened like jelly.

MALCOLM (O.S.)

WHAT IS THIS?

Quinn breaks from his prayer to see Malcolm, Kathleen and Frank return from the shore.

QUINN

Kathleen?

Frank, crushed to see his son fall from the *Heathen's Stand* rushes to him as TWO TOWNSMEN start to cover him in a white sheet.

FRANK

No! My boy! Who? Who ordered this?

QUINN

Tragedy befalls us both.

FRANK

I don't understand.

Distracted as the TOWNSMEN continue to wrap Jeremy's body.

FRANK (CONT'D)

No, don't. Please don't take him
there. Not him.

Malcolm shoots a look at Quinn. Quinn sees Kathleen stood behind him.

MALCOLM

Enough! You have brought ill repute
to this land.

QUINN

I have brought justice!
(quietly)
And once they see the flowers bloom
they will know it was I, that led
them there.

MALCOLM

Never our own. That was the rule.

QUINN

Your rule. And we have suffered for
it.

Malcolm can barely conceal his anger.

MALCOLM

You have no right.

Malcolm looks down, sees the razor in Quinn's hands, takes it from him.

Turns to see Thomas restrained, on his knees.

Andrea his daughter nearby, broken down.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

Let him stand.

The GUARDS look to Quinn, not following Malcolm's order.

Malcolm notices it. The power shift.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

LET HIM STAND!

Quinn nods to the guards.

They follow his command.

Malcolm approaches Thomas, hands him his razor.

Doesn't let go of it just yet.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

I believe this is yours.

In the distance, an anxious Kathleen walks through the crowd.

KATHLEEN
Ffion? My baby...

QUINN
Kathleen, wait.

Quinn rushes, tries to stop her.

Thomas sees Kathleen, recognizes her in an instant.

KATHLEEN
No! I've made my decision, I don't
care - you stay if you must - I'm
taking her and we're leaving.

QUINN
Kathleen, you don't understand...

She pushes past Quinn barging her way into her home.

That inevitable scream.

QUINN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
No, Kathleen don't!

Suddenly, a gunshot rings out.

KATHLEEN (O.S.)
Don't come near me!

Kathleen storms out, rifle in hand.

KATHLEEN (CONT'D)
Stand back!

Everyone clears a path, she stops, looks to Malcolm.

KATHLEEN (CONT'D)
I'm sorry. I must end this.

Kathleen runs towards the woods.

MALCOLM
Kathleen! Wait!

Thomas watches her gun in hand, running to the place where
Jennifer is hidden.

Spots his moment, flicks open the straight razor and slashes
at Malcolm's palm, then charges after Kathleen.

Disappearing into the woods.

Quinn rushes from the house, shouts to Malcolm on the floor.

QUINN
Where is she?

Malcolm stumbles, getting back onto his feet - starts to run.

MALCOLM
The barn!

They give chase.

111 **EXT. WOODS - EARLY EVENING / NIGHT**

111

Kathleen rifle in hand - looks over her shoulder as Thomas gains on her.

Aimlessly she shoots back in his direction, tree bark explodes in splinters around him.

Not accurate enough to put him down, but close enough to slow his steps.

QUINN (O.S.)
KATHLEEN!!!!

Thomas looks over his shoulder, way out in the distance he spots Malcolm and Quinn as they weave through the trees.

Then...

HER
(to KATHLEEN)
COME TO ME!

Face half hidden behind the trees - SHE focuses on Kathleen.

As Kathleen runs further into the woods, SHE slowly gets closer and closer.

Appearing behind trees that grow nearer to her run.

As Thomas follows, fallen leaves twirl into the air, forming a wall obstructing his view of Kathleen.

Thomas struggles, squinting as he runs.

Out of nowhere, bursting through the leaves SHE appears SILENTLY SCREAMING.

Terrified, Thomas stumbles, falls down an embankment, tumbling out into...

112

EXT. BARN - NIGHT

112

...a clearing in the woods.

Sees Kathleen - still on her feet, running towards the barn as the rain beats down hard, the ground beneath it turning to soup.

Thomas regathers, follows, spots the trapdoor from the tunnel as he runs past.

Sees Kathleen charge into the barn, gun raised.

Thomas nears, reaches the doorway... Silence.

BAM! Kathleen flies past - thrown backwards out through the doorway by a shotgun blast.

She falls into the mud, hole in her stomach.

Kathleen's rifle bounces at Thomas' feet as he hides next to the doorway.

Thomas stays rooted as a pair of heavy feet, slowly thud towards the door.

Like Thomas we don't get a clear view of Kathleen's killer, but his shadow casts long and wide.

Thomas watches as the blood pours from Kathleen's body, looks on in horror as Kathleen watches him, watching her die.

With her final breath.

KATHLEEN

Burn it, burn it all down.

As she bleeds, flowers emerge around her dying body. Blossoming momentarily, only to fade and die as she departs.

Thomas remains frozen.

Hears Quinn and Malcolm approaching.

Rushes beneath the barn, hides under the structure.

Malcolm and Quinn arrive, slow as they see the devastating damage.

Quinn rushes to Kathleen's body, torn apart in floods of tears as he cradles her.

Malcolm looks on, stunned into silence.

Looks across to see the hulking frame stood in the doorway, THE GRINDER, large of stature, face hidden beneath a veil of dark cloth, smoking shotgun in his hands.

Quinn, stands, aims his rifle. The Grinder doesn't even flinch in the line of fire.

Malcolm rushes in, pushes the barrel to the ground.

BANG! The bullet tears into the ground, kicks up the earth around them.

MALCOLM

Quinn!

(to GRINDER)

Go back inside.

The Grinder casually turns unfazed, returning to the barn.

Quinn, anger in his eyes, directs it towards Malcolm.

QUINN

Look at her.

Malcolm can't look. The thought shatters his heart.

QUINN (CONT'D)

I SAID LOOK AT HER!

MALCOLM

Enough!

QUINN

No Malcolm, not this time. Not anymore.

Turns his rifle towards Malcolm.

MALCOLM

Quinn...

The barn starts to subside.

Back under the barn...

Thomas looks across to the corner beams - they start to drop, the whole thing submerging into the ground.

He looks up at the 1m x 1m floorboard frame that slowly starts to descend upon him.

Thomas looks back to the escalating argument.

QUINN

No more your commands shall enter
my ears. Poison words that
corrupted me, my Kathleen. You
chose Kathleen- you sent her to
pick them. Why? Because you
couldn't bear for her to be near
me.

MALCOLM

That's not true.

QUINN

She, my wife. I, her husband. Not
you! You had your wife.

MALCOLM

Quinn, listen to me.

QUINN

No! Quiet! False prophet! It is my
turn to say enough.

MALCOLM

I know how it feels to lose
someone.

Quinn pulls back the hammer of the rifle.

QUINN

And you will know that feeling
again.

BANG! Malcolm is hit in the shoulder, sending his body back,
falling down through the open trapdoor and into the tunnel.

Quinn stands above the hole, looks down at Malcolm as he lays
there, drifting out of consciousness.

QUINN (CONT'D)

You have no idea just how much I'll
take from you.

Malcolm's eyes plead. Quinn kicks the trapdoor shut.

Thomas' view disappears as the barn continues to drop.

Curled up, fetal - Thomas' body barely fitting into the frame
of the floorboards as he is pushed down into the mud.

Using his limited space, Thomas swings short elbows and kicks
up into the panels above him.

Nails cling tight, a few more pops starts to loosen their grip - nudging them up, just mere millimeters.

Mud climbs up his face, teasing at the corners of his mouth.

Turns every part of his body into a point. Knees. Elbows. Shoulder. Head.

In despair, he rattles like a caged animal, nudging the nails more, the grip of the floorboards getting looser and looser.

Until the crush of his body pushing against them makes the boards pop up snapping out of the frame.

Air. Screams into his lungs as he pulls himself up into...

113

INT. BARN - BACKROOM - NIGHT

113

Thomas climbs into the barn, stays alert as he looks around.

Hides behind stacks of wooden crates, as he hears the sound of a door nearby opening and closing, followed by a heavy duty bag being dragged across the floor.

Thomas looks through a gap to see The Grinder walking across to *HER* resting on her throne bed.

Pays close attention to the bag in The Grinder's hand, to Jeremy's tie that hangs, tattered and torn.

The Grinder stops at the foot of the bed.

SHE lays there, looks almost afraid.

He takes out an old, stained, rusted steel funnel.

Grabs *HER* by the hair, pulling her head back and pushes the funnel into *HER* mouth.

Reaches into the bag, pulls out a fistful of minced flesh and bone. Blood dripping between his fingers.

Thomas watches horrified, as what was once Jeremy is pushed deep inside the funnel, travelling down to *HER* throat.

HER throat stretching to accept the feed.

The dead flowers that decorate her throne, spark into momentary waves of life. Thomas watches with morbid fascination.

Suddenly - *SHE* makes eye contact. Stares right at him as The Grinder continues to *feed HER*.

A single tear rolls down her face. She does not make a sound.

Thomas backs away, disappearing around a corner.

Stepping away from the FEEDING ROOM, to a narrow corridor.

CORRIDOR

Within the confines of this space, at the end of the line, a single linen sheet hangs from the ceiling beam.

The linen wrapped tight around a body.

Thomas reaches into his breast pocket, pulls out the pendant, grips it tight in his hand.

Mind racing. Stomach churning.

Thomas reaches for the rope tied around the linen sheet.

Pulls at it, Jeremy's body falls - two thirds of him at least - spreading the sheet wide open.

Eyes vacant, razed skull torn open.

He hits the ground.

Thomas shocked to his core has no time to react as behind him, Jennifer shackled, dragged by Quinn - screams.

He turns.

BAM! The Grinder blind-sides him with a blow to the head that sends Thomas to the ground.

The pendant lands, bouncing open against the ground.

Thomas, eyes dazed, sees the photograph of a smiling Jennifer laying in stark contrast to the vision of fear as she is bundled out the door towards Quinn's horse and cart.

Meanwhile, Jeremy's pale face, deathly hallow relaxes, the rose petal slides slowly out from between his lips.

Thomas watches as the horse and cart, disappears.

THOMAS

(weak)

I'm sorry.

The Grinder hits him harder.

BLACK.

114

EXT. LONDON - ALLEYWAY - DAY

114

A drain pipe. Sewage gathers around it's lip.

A rat drinks from it as recent rainfall pours out in waves.

A hand reaches in, grabs at the rat, tosses it aside before a desperate, bearded face comes in to take over.

Gulping at the water in desperation.

But there's something recognizable deep within his sunken eyes. A familiarity beneath the beard.

Thomas RICHARDSON.

In tougher times. Layers of clothing tattered, torn.

Living the life of a vagabond as he sits against a damp wall in a cobbled alleyway.

He rummages through discarded boxes and rubbish - pulls out a piece of bread, it drips with rain water.

Desperate times. Squashes it into a ball, tries to drain the liquid from it, then starts to take bites out of it.

Using all his resolve not gag as it goes down his throat.

TIMECUT

115

EXT. ALLEYWAY - DAY

115

A forlorn Thomas, leans against a wall, worn out hat half covering his eyes as a hungry street cat slowly approaches fixated by the toe that protrudes from a hole in his sock.

Thomas stays still, watching the cat stalking its prey.

As it steps closer, about to pounce.

Thomas shakes his foot. The cat retreats.

Still again. The cat approaching, again.

Reaching with a paw full of claws for Thomas' foot.

Watches from beneath his hat. Waiting for the right moment.

Suddenly, out of the alleyway - he spots a well-to-do horse and carriage arriving. Parks in front of a National Bank.

It's owner, a MAN of prominence steps out of the carriage - wearing a white suit and a look of great concern on his face as he walks steadfast to the bank.

Thomas yelps as the cat bites his toe, he shakes him off.

The cat runs, disappearing down the alleyway.

116

EXT. STREET / NATIONAL BANK - DAY

116

Thomas crosses the street to the carriage.

Peeks in through the window. Nothing of value inside. Nothing that could be taken.

VOICE

Oi! Piss off!

Thomas looks up, sees the DRIVER of the carriage.

Thomas, hands in the air steps away.

Moves over to the pavement. To the window of the bank.

Sees the MAN in the white suit, waiting at a counter. Sees him look around him as the teller counts his money out.

Seems he is withdrawing a significant amount. All notes.

Thomas weighs up his options - looks to the horse and carriage, then to a drunk leaning against a nearby wall, empty bottle at his side.

Takes the bottle from the drunk as he sleeps. Taps it against the wall, til it cracks. Again to make the crack spread.

Once more to remove a shard of glass.

Conceals it in his grip. Walks over to the carriage, gently strokes the horses.

DRIVER

I thought I told you...

THOMAS

She a Yorkshire?

DRIVER

What?

THOMAS

Looks like a Cleveland Bay...

DRIVER

You were right the first time.

Thomas runs his hands along the horses body, one eye on the bank as the MAN in the white suit moves to the door.

DRIVER (CONT'D)

Beautiful breed, she is.

Thomas' hand nearing the hip. Shard of glass gripped tight.

THOMAS

Aye she is, but a hell of a temper.

Digs the glass into the horses hip, tears down.

The horse screams, charges forward dragging the carriage at an alarming speed, the DRIVER unable to control her.

Passers by, oblivious to Thomas' instigation, watch in shock as the carriage disappears further down the street.

The MAN, rushes from the bank seeing the situation unfold as he places the envelope of money into his breast pocket.

Caught off guard, Thomas grabs him and pulls him away from the crowded streets and into the mouth of an alleyway.

117

EXT. ALLEYWAY - DAY

117

Thomas slams the MAN against the wall.

Punches him hard in the kidneys before spinning him around and pressing a straight razor up to his throat.

THOMAS

Give me the money and I'll let
you...

But far from being fearful of the attack, the MAN retaliates and does so as if his life depends on it.

Catches Thomas completely by surprise.

Forces him to the ground, razor bouncing from his hand.

The MAN, standing over Thomas, wraps his hands around his throat tight. Fingers digging into his flesh, Thomas' head arches backwards as he spots a figure at the end of the alleyway.

A witness. Kathleen. She stands there, observing from afar.

MAN
YOU DID THIS!

The BIG BURLY MAN nightmare is suddenly given context.

MAN (CONT'D)
Where is she? What did you do to
her?

Thomas is perplexed, he struggles for breath, his face
turning red as the MAN's grip tightens.

MAN (CONT'D)
TELL ME WHERE SHE IS!

Thomas reaches, desperation kicking in.

Sees a vision of his WIFE lying next to him. She smiles.
Crucifix burnt into her forehead.

Closes his eyes tight. Trying to escape.

Haunted in his fantasy. Dying in his reality.

Hands clatter, searching the cobbled stones for something.

Anything.

Finds his straight razor. Reflex. Flicks it open. Slashes.

A splash of blood lands onto Thomas' face.

Spreads across his mouth and beard.

The MAN's choke hold loosens.

Thomas looks up. Sees the MAN's throat, torn open.

Blood gushing, complexion changing as his life leaves him.

Thomas rolls from under him as the MAN's body falls to the
ground and twitches with each pulse of his failing heart.

Thomas freezes. This wasn't the plan. This wasn't how things
were supposed to go.

The blood travels between the cobbled stones, carrying with
it dust and dirt.

Thomas reaches over, pulls the jacket from his body - arms
sliding out of the sleeves.

As he reaches for the breast pocket, suddenly, he remembers.

The witness.

He looks across to the end of the alleyway.

Kathleen continues to watch, terrified. Shocked to her core.

THOMAS

I didn't... I didn't mean to...

VOICE (O.S.)

MURDERER!!!!

Kathleen flinches. Thomas turns.

Behind him. A group of children stand at the other end of the alleyway.

CHILD #1

HELP! POLICE! MURDERER!

Whistles of an approaching POLICEMAN ring out.

Thomas slings the jacket over himself and runs, away from the children, towards Kathleen.

She takes cover behind the corner. Making the briefest eye contact as Thomas charges past her out onto...

118 **EXT. STREETS / SIDE STREETS - DAY**

118

Crossing it as crowds gather.

He weaves through traffic, followed closely by the POLICEMAN.

Away from the open roads, Thomas hurtles down narrow paths and side-streets.

A labyrinthine path that turn by turn increases the distance between himself and the sound of the whistle.

Climbs a wood panel fence, leaping over it into...

119 **EXT. GARDEN - DAY**

119

As he struggles to catch breath, he hears racing footsteps and the whistles passing him by.

Waits until things have settled down.

Reaches into his breast pocket, pulls out the envelope - but in his hand are two.

One, heavy. The money.

The other, worn, hand delivered, no stamp. Opens it.

Suddenly, a picture emerges before his eyes.

The retaliation, the desperation of the man as Thomas reads the pleading letter of the MAN's beloved sister, Jennifer.

FLASHCUT: The MAN choking Thomas, mouthing the words in silence "YOU DID THIS!"

The envelope of money suddenly weighs a lot more in his bloodstained hand.

He feels around, pulls out a small pamphlet from another pocket.

Details of a recruitment sermon held at a venue in London.

Hosted by the pastor, Malcolm HOWE.

Thomas looks up, sees the reflection of himself, bloodstained hand reaching out, holding onto a dead mans money, stained cuffs of a dead mans suit - and the letter of a dead mans sister whose fate will surely be the same.

The whistles of the police grow in number, circling the area.

A siren whirrs in the distance. Only a matter of time before he is found.

Thomas holds the train and boat tickets.

The letter folded between them, a reminder.

*"Yet still I pray, for your
presence, for my saviour."*

120

INT. TRAIN - TOILET CUBICLE - DAY

120

Sunlight creeps in from a ventilation shaft, light bouncing around the cubicle as the train rocks along the tracks.

Thomas places his straight razor on the edge of a sink, shaving foam still clinging to the blade.

Lifts a towel. Looks into the mirror as he wipes his freshly shaved face clean.

As he becomes the Thomas RICHARDSON we first met. The Thomas RICHARDSON we thought we knew.

The bouncing sunlight, illuminates him.

Illuminates The Grinder as he stands behind him, hammer in his hand.

Thomas gasps. Turns.

CUT TO:

121

INT. BARN - NIGHT

121

Thomas wakes with a jolt.

Blood staining his forehead, hair drenched with sweat.

Propped up against a wooden table, arms raised above his head.

Dazed, he tries pull them down - immediately hit by a shockwave of excruciating pain.

His hands, bound by a leather belt are pierced with large fishing hooks - a metallic wire connecting him to a mangle.

The Grinder, grips hold of a crank handle- turns it.

Thomas screams as the wire is pulled towards the mangle, dragging his body up off the floor and onto the table.

As he is pulled closer and closer to the mangle, he desperately kicks out searching for any leverage at all.

The tips of his fingers on his left hand get caught in the squeeze of the mechanism, they burst as they are crushed with each turn of the handle.

Thomas lets out a scream of excruciating pain, while the fingers of his right hand dance against the rollers trying to avoid the inevitable.

Desperate, Thomas twists his body, locks his foot against the leg of the table, sacrificing his entire left hand over the right.

Thomas digs deep and pulls hard - managing to tear himself free from the mangle, albeit less three fingers and half a palm.

Fighting through the excruciating pain, he grabs at the hooks, pulls at them and slams them hard into the GRINDER's face - embedding them deep into his cheek.

Grabs hold of the GRINDERS head and slams it hard breaking his nose against the steel frame of the machine The Grinder screams like a child, lost in delirious pain.

Thomas, with his only available hand cranks the handle pulling the GRINDER up to the machine by his face, the hooks tugging at his cheek.

The Grinder mere inches from the machine in an act of desperation grabs hold of the hooks and starts pulling, ripping them clean from his face.

But some of the hooks are too deep rooted to be pulled out.

The Grinder stretches enough to grab Thomas by the collar pulling him back away from the reach of the crank handle.

Wraps his arm around Thomas' throat, choking him.

Thomas stretches for the handle, fingertips barely teasing at it.

Swings desperate elbows up at The Grinder's face, knocking the hooks deeper inside.

Then with a final blow, Thomas swings a kick at the crank handle - it spins down with enough speed to tear apart The Grinder's face separating his jaw out through the skin.

Blood empties from what remains of his head as he slumps to the floor.

Thomas, hit by the extent of his injuries, drops to his knees.

Looks up, sees HER - an apparition of Her.

122

INT. MALCOLM'S HOUSE - DAWN

122

Andrea sits at the foot of her bed in prayer.

ANDREA

Please, O Lord, protect me in my hour of need. Guide me as I seek solace from the hurt of those who wish to inflict it. Reveal to me the path I must take and let it not lead to those purveyors of violence and misery. I beg of you stray far from the sin and cruelty of those around me.

QUINN (O.S.)
And who might they be?

Andrea breaks from prayer with a sudden look of fear in her eyes as she sees...

Quinn standing there, in the doorway, a rifle pointed at her, a set of shackles hanging from his hand.

123

INT. SILO - DAWN

123

A chain rattles as it's fed through a loop, bolted to the wall.

Quinn stands above a captive Andrea, she shakes against her restraints, next to a terrified Jennifer.

ANDREA
How dare you! My father will see to it that you...

QUINN
Your father can't help you no more, child. I saw to it.

ANDREA
(beaten)
No.

QUINN
Look above you.

All that rests above is the long stretch of the silo - its open top framing the dawn sky.

QUINN (CONT'D)
That will be your sun, your clouds, your moon. Your only way of knowing that a day has passed. And many will. I will save this village. Both of you will obey your bodies to me. You will give to *Her*, the flesh of your womb. And every year we shall celebrate a rich and bountiful harvest.

124

INT. TUNNEL - DAWN

124

Malcolm wakes up on the ground of the tunnel, groans in pain as he rises - shoulder bleeding profusely from the gunshot wound.

He climbs, pops open the trapdoor.

125

INT. BARN - BACKROOM

125

SHE reaches a hand down.

Body trembling, Thomas staggers to his feet, wraps cloth around his ripped hand, lifts a lantern as he follows HER.

Walks through the barn until he sees HER there, the flesh and blood HER, laying on her throne bed.

Looks to her hands and feet, strapped to the throne with vines bursting through her palms, piercing through her Achilles heels.

Thomas places the lantern to one side, as the APPARITION takes his hands guiding him to HER.

Crouches to his knees as the APPARITION lowers down into HER.

As spirit and body merge, HER eyes pop open in an instant, a sudden rush of consciousness.

She coughs and splutters, clearly in pain.

As she sees Thomas, a smile grows on HER face.

HER
(ancient language)
I've waited for you.

SHE reaches up, vines stretching as HER hands near his face.

Rose thorns protrude from her finger tips - they pierce his skin as SHE presses her fingers into his temple.

Thomas' eyes roll back whited out - visions pouring into him.

126

EXT. WOODS - DAY

126

Malcolm and Quinn walk through the forestry.

Suddenly, Malcolm stops. Hearing a gentle song being hummed.

Follows the sounds to...

Beneath a shallow cave made up from the hanging roots of a tree, SHE sits.

A blanket, soaked with rain is wrapped over her frail, fragile body - you can barely make out her eyes as the light just catches at the tip of her nose.

Malcolm separates from Quinn, walk towards her.

As he does, we see the faintest of smiles appear in the darkness beneath the blanket.

Quinn watches Malcolm edge closer.

QUINN (O.S.)
Years I've sat and watched as those
ingrates give thanks to your
father. A false prophet hiding
behind a false God.

Malcolm, within touching distance. Hand reaches forward...

127

INT. SILO - DAY

127

Quinn cocks his rifle, keeps it trained on her.

QUINN
I should have had their praise, it
should have been me they thanked.
After all, it was I that imprisoned
her...

FLASHCUT: Quinn lifts a flaming torch across the painted walls of the cave. Hovers it across to see a pile of dead animal carcasses and a mountain of receptacles (broken jugs, bowls, bottles, jars - all stained in animal blood).

QUINN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
I, who discovered what she could do
for us.

FLASHCUT: We see HER held down by a terrified looking Malcolm and Frank as Quinn tears open the throat of a rabbit and forces the blood into HER mouth.

The flower buds around her bloom, growing in size. Quinn looks stunned, excited at the revelation.

128

INT. BARN - DAWN

128

Thomas' head drops - traumatised by all SHE has shown him.

Ashamed at their mistreatment of her, Thomas can barely look HER in the eye.

There's too much sadness there.

She is motherly, gentle. Loving. The way a God should be.

THOMAS

Forgive me. For I have sinned.

She brings him into her arms, cradles him.

And in that moment. Forgives him.

Thomas lets go. Cries uncontrollable tears.

Let's go of his hate, his fears, his regret, his loss.

SHE smiles, then hands him the lantern.

HER

(ancient language)

Please, save me...

Thomas looks to the lantern, hesitates.

She nods her head, a look of reassurance.

He tosses it against her throne, the lantern shatters, oil
spilling all over her - SHE erupts into flames.

As she burns, she maintains eye contact - thankful, never
once screams in pain.

129

EXT. BARN - DAWN

129

Malcolm, flinches as the trough of dead animals inside tunnel
ignites into flames. Like wildfire - it spreads through the
tunnel - heading towards the village.

Malcolm looks to the barn, sees the smoke and the flames
begin to emerge. Rushes inside.

130

INT. BARN - DAWN

130

Malcolm comes to a stop seeing HER and the bed reduced to a
ball of flames.

A look of sheer devastation etched into his face.

Looks down to the ground, spots Thomas' pendant nestled on
the ground. Clutches it tight in his grip.

131 **EXT. WOODS - DAWN**

131

Thomas, chisel in hand, limps his way through the forest at some pace. Determined.

QUINN (O.S.)

God?

132 **INT. SILO - DAWN**

132

Continued...

QUINN

Slave. Mine! Malcolm, he was soft, would have let us all starve and suffer. When the blood of the animals stopped working, he tried to feed her himself. But what good is a mere day of her blessing.

(to JENNIFER)

You and that brother of yours. She would have fed on you both for months. Your flesh and blood was to give us our harvest.

(smiles)

However you look at it, you serve me.

Suddenly, the sounds of screaming rings out.

Quinn rushes to the window - sees the village in flames, villagers fleeing their homes as everything they've built comes crashing down.

Reaches for the door, a trickle of fire pours in through the keyhole, curls its way up climbing around the handle.

QUINN (CONT'D)

What hell is this?

133 **EXT. VILLAGE - DAWN**

133

Villagers flee, en-masse as fires rage around them, the Island becoming an inferno.

Thomas rushes against a tide of people, searching the crowds.

Spots the Inn Keeper heading in his direction. Stops her.

THOMAS

Quinn! Where is he?

INN KEEPER

He took her, he took Andrea.

Not what he was expecting to hear.

THOMAS

Where?

She points to the silo.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Don't let the boat leave without her.

INN KEEPER

And you?

THOMAS

Make sure she's on it before they set sail.

INN KEEPER

May God be with you, Mr. Richardson.

THOMAS

And you.

Thomas runs, towards the silo.

134

INT. SILO - DAWN

134

A spiral of fire travels down the neck of the silo.

ANDREA

Unchain us!

Quinn kicks at the burning door, ignoring their plea.

As it breaks apart he steps out into the open, turns to see Andrea and Jennifer still inside.

QUINN

Consider it a mercy.

As he turns to leave.

THUD.

Thomas drives a chisel into Quinn's throat, charges his body back into the silo.

Falls to the ground - pulls Thomas down with him.

Quinn pulls a knife from his waistband, swings it up stabbing at Thomas' stomach - bleeds, collapsing on top of Quinn.

Breaks his fall with the stump of his hand, pain spreads across his face.

Quinn, energy draining from his body, pushes his knife into the fold of Thomas' neck, starts to drag it - tearing at the skin.

BAM! Andrea slams a stone down hard into Quinn's face saving Thomas from certain death.

The knife falls from Quinn's hand, clattering to the ground.

Thomas reaches up and grips hold of the chisel still embedded in Quinn's throat, Andrea wraps her chains around his neck.

As she pulls him towards her the chisel rips open his gullet.

Quinn splutters as he bleeds out, dying.

Thomas catches breath, looks to Jennifer.

JENNIFER

(sobbing)

Who are you?

Andrea looks confused.

ANDREA

Thomas?

THOMAS

(to JENNIFER)

I'm sorry. I'll never be able to make things right, but I can get you home. I can keep you safe.

Rushes to them, uses the chisel and all his remaining strength to detach the shackles from the wall.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

The boat's waiting for you.

ANDREA

(corrects him)

For all of us.

Thomas smiles, an unconvincing smile.

135 **EXT. VILLAGE - DAWN**

135

The silo collapses in the distance as Thomas, Jennifer and Andrea make their way through the village.

136 **EXT. ISLAND - MOUNTAINSIDE - DAWN**

136

In the distance, the boat awaits, jetty still full of passengers clambering aboard.

Jennifer rushes ahead followed closely by Andrea.

As they run, Thomas slows, focus drifting, Andrea becoming a blur as his life drains from him - the distance between them growing with each step.

As he drops to his knees, a strip of fire ignites across the mountain top.

A wall of flame, separates them.

Thomas stumbles back. Andrea turns, realizing the situation.

ANDREA

Thomas!

THOMAS

Go! Just go!

ANDREA

No, Thomas I can't leave you.
You...

THOMAS

I played my part, Andrea. Now go
play yours. Go be who you always
should have been, where you can.

Thomas smiles through the wall of fire, Andrea looks back in tears.

She turns, continues to run downhill to the waiting boat.

137 **EXT. ISLAND - JETTY - DAWN**

137

Frank unties the boat from the jetty, waves on board the fleeing crowds as the burning animal carcasses and rivers of blood that once filled the trough pours out from the cave opening down to the sea like a waterfall of hell fire.

FRANK

Climb aboard! We leave now!

Bodies clamber, clinging to the side, desperate for their chance to get away - to safer lands.

The Inn Keeper spots Jennifer and Andrea coming down the hill.

INN KEEPER
Come, children - quickly!

Jennifer boards the boat, turns and stretches out her hand as Andrea runs across the jetty.

Jennifer lifts her up onto the boat, they collapse together in a heap on deck.

Frank swings the ships wheel, turning to leave the island.

138 **EXT. ISLAND - MOUNTAINSIDE - DAWN** 138

Thomas falls to the ground, sits upright - fire all he sees.

In the distance, Malcolm arrives hobbling, tears in his eyes as he watches the boat journey away from the Island.

Everything he had loved is now lost, either at sea or rising to the sky in smoke and ash.

Collapses to his knees. Turns to see Thomas' body laying there, barely conscious.

139 **INT. BOAT - DAWN** 139

Jennifer comforts Andrea as she sobs, the boat carving a path through the sea.

140 **EXT. VILLAGE - MOUNTAIN - DAWN** 140

Malcolm climbs the steep hill, dragging Thomas by his collar as they travel back towards the village.

Fires raging behind them.

141 **EXT. VILLAGE - DAWN** 141

The island is suddenly a quiet, desolate place as Malcolm drags Thomas' limp, but conscious body to the Heathens Stand.

MALCOLM
My village. My faith. My dreams. My
family.
(MORE)

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

You've taken everything from me.
You've brought nothing but
suffering - the moment you stepped
foot on these lands.

THOMAS

You fool, you brought that
yourself.

MALCOLM

Well, I'm going to bring it now.

Lifts him up, dropping his body hard on the table.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

To you.

Rain gently falls. Fires slowly calm. Not much left to burn.

Malcolm clamps the vices around Thomas' limbs and head.

Malcolm scrapes the hair off his head with the straight
razor, lines up the drill - the tip of it catches the skin.

Stops a moment. Watching, fixated Thomas' blood as it runs
down a table leg, into the ground.

A small sapling sprouts out from the earth stretching up to
survive.

Brings Malcolm to tears, the beauty of it. The cruel beauty.

Malcolm turns - Frank's boat now barely a dot in the
distance, Andrea drifting further and further away from him.

Looks back to the houses that burn and crumble into the sky
as the sun rises.

Thomas understands what Malcolm sees.

Malcolm places a hand on the crank handle of the drill.

Thomas closes his eyes.

Grunk.

END.